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GIVE AMENDMENT FAIR TEST

CURIOUS, how insistent the present dominant faction of the Republican party in the state is, that the people shall rule—until the people declare in opposition to the wishes of their self-constituted leaders. This trait has been noticeable ever since a majority of the assembly districts declared for Spalding as against Works, and of late, to a marked degree, in regard to the Constitutional Amendment No. 1, which was ratified by the people last November by a rousing majority.

One would think that the most decent method of procedure would be to give the amendment a fair test, before threatening to attempt to declare the action of the people invalid or throwing it back for a possible repeal vote two years hence. All the contentions now advanced were fully and frankly met before election and thoroughly explained to the electorate. We have seen no new argument put forth worth considering. The stock phrases, the unfrank statements of local assessors, have been traversed and refuted time and again.

Since the people have pronounced their decision on this question, why not respect it and give the amendment a fair trial? There may be faults that will develop in the course of the next two years, but if so they will be susceptible of rectification. It would be surprising to find that in so radical a change in taxation method the new plan proved altogether perfect. The Graphic alone in Los Angeles supported the amendment, believing, after a careful study of the proposal, that it was a practical way to take the corporations out of politics and insuring a more equitable assessment for taxation purposes. We still hold to this opinion, and on behalf of the majority of voters in this city and county that in-

dorsed the plan we demand a fair test of its workings and hands off by the inconsistent opposition that assumes to represent the people.

HER PROBABLE FATE

PLENTY HAWK is a Crow Indian. Crow Indians have not the best reputation in the world for good morals. In this respect they are diametrically opposed to the Cheyennes, who guard their young squaws as carefully as the white man does his daughters, and whose budding braves are taught to admire and respect chastity in the women of their tribe. This also is a marked trait of the Sioux nation. The Crows alone, of the Dakotas and Southern Montana reservation Indians are notorious for their disregard of virtue in either sex.

Plenty Hawk, according to the dispatches, has inspired what corresponds to love in the heart of a foolish young woman from Chicago, having more money than brains. Escorted off the Crow reservation by the agency police for her indiscreet conduct with the Indian buck, whose liking for firewater seems to supplement his other tribal immoralities, she was sent back to her mother in Chicago and to a ubiquitous reporter delivered herself thus:

Love is the religion of life, and when fate, as personified by an obdurate mamma and an unimpressible and flinty-hearted government agent, interferes, then fate, I think, is mighty cruel.

As Madeline Sullivan, utterer of this highfalutin sentence, is only eighteen, the public need not waste its tears of sympathy. If the widow Sullivan lives up to her name, she will take a stout leather belt and in an upper chamber, alone with Madeline, try to larrup a little of the nonsense out of her silly daughter and pound in a modicum of common sense. This heroic method seems to be the last recourse for so foolish a girl.

For Madeline, were she to have her way, and become the squaw of Plenty Hawk, would soon find that his tepee was common to the young men of the tribe and she the sport of their lust. The redskinned lover, of whom she prates so glibly, would have no more respect for her womanhood than he would have for a willing squaw of his own tribe, probably less, in fact, and her fate would prove a horrible one, which the Indian agent would be powerless to avert. In less than a year she would be the most wretched, as she would be the most despised squaw on the Crow reservation, with no hope of restoration to self-respect or health.

She talks of the glory of an Indian wooing, of dashing across the prairies on horseback beside her lover, whose two hours of silence was only broken by a guttural exclamation when he dismounted to kill a snake. "O, it was romantic and exciting," she declares.

Ugh! For hours we have sat and watched the process of Indian wooing, in the northwest, in the early days, when the Sioux were less tractable than they are now and the Crow Indians a shade less perverted perhaps than is their wont today. We have watched the young squaws trip down to the creek for water and be snatched under the blanketed sheets of their Romeos, who stood by, waiting for their dusky Juliets. A few moments of whispered companionship, and the blanket would unfold to permit the Indian maiden to escape to the parental tepee with her water jar. All was respectful, all was perfectly proper; the youth and the maid had exchanged their vows in accordance with the custom of the tribe.

This is not the sort of wooing Madeline Sullivan experienced. Dispatches tell us that she visited Plenty Hawk at his cabin on the reservation. No Cheyenne maid, no young Sioux squaw would

have been guilty of that indiscretion. No wonder the agency police conducted her to the railroad station at Billings, and sent her homeward. A crust of bread and a diet of water for the foolish young woman.

FELICITATIONS TO SAN FRANCISCO

SINCE San Francisco really seems to want to hold a world's fair in 1915, to celebrate the completion of the Panama canal, we are glad the northern metropolis won the vigorous fight it waged for federal recognition, as against the aspirations of New Orleans. Selfishly considered, the holding of an exposition four years hence will mean much for Los Angeles, but we fear it will prove a costly victory for San Francisco.

However, this is no time to be lugubrious. Having determined on holding the fair, at whatever cost, and the die being cast, let us all pitch in to help our big sister city achieve a notable artistic success, accompanied, let us hope, by satisfactory financial returns. With a glorious climate, and a most attractive scenic environment as a basis, it remains for man's ingenuity, energy and spirit to accomplish great things. That San Francisco has an abundance of energy, her achievements in the last four years have indisputably proved. Her tastes are a trifle Bohemianistic, but they lean toward the artistic ever, and that is a strong card. Now, let us see in what creative ways the California idea may expand for the edification of the world.

Chicago to this time has not been surpassed in the architectural wonders she unfolded at the White City in 1893-04. Than her dazzling buildings of staff, her marvellous court of honor, her grand fountain, her noble quadriga, her colossal transportation building and splendid art exhibit, nothing elsewhere in this country or abroad has equalled. San Francisco cannot hope to excel that wonderful display to which the finest intellects of the world contributed. But for daring novelties, for outdoor exhibits of a bizarre nature, for picturesqueness of a high order, we are satisfied that San Francisco will disappoint nobody.

COST OF ACHIEVING SATIETY

MRS. BOWES is an observing Chicago woman who has been calling attention to the fact that American men eat too much. She says among all races the American takes the prize for overeating. Of course, she is right. Americans are the greatest money getters and food eaters, which is merely to say that they have more nervous energy to squander than other races. The American gets there while the Englishman is thinking about it, and the Frenchman is worrying over it. But having achieved, then what? Then satiety, naturally, gluttony and degeneracy, madness, suicide or worse. Mrs. Bowes says American men become effeminate in their slavery to luxury. And if she is right, what is the answer? Having acquired enough money to provide for an establishment and food, what else is there to do in life? Nothing, apparently, but to die.

From the standpoint of dominant western thought there is no other answer. There are intellectual pursuits, in which the point of satiety is impossible for the growing mind to reach, but these are for the few. Men who early sacrifice them for the sake of getting money first rarely find substantial food in books or thought. There is one other line of human endeavor that modern thought has not deemed it of sufficient importance to ban, and it gives zest to life for a select few. This is the impersonal life, in which it is possible for one to forget self in the effort of adding to the common intelligence and welfare. These, of course, are abnormal people, the

dreamers of day dreams, the agitators, and anarchists. They are so few that they need not be considered; nor do they need it. Their work is their reward, and if they look for other wages they look in vain.

But to the modern world at large, what is there to do but get money, women and food? To the average man and woman life beyond the emotions and senses is unthinkable, and the best modern thought for two hundred years has denied its possibility. Deterministic science has robbed the majority of a heaven to work for, but, unfortunately, it has not been able to rob it of a hell. Now the way of life is growth, and when that has been attained, then death sets in, and the Osler theory of chloroform for all over forty is only logical. What else is there to do? That there are faculties beyond sensation and emotion, academic knowledge denies. However, the new scholastic science of psychology is promising, and in a hundred years more or so it may reach a reason why man should live beyond the age of forty. Certainly, there is no such reason now, in the text books, or in the church. As to the latter, its teaching is that we must die to be happy. The dogma of the nineteenth century, under which we still live, is the dogma of death at forty.

CAUSE OF DRUNKENNESS

DR. HARVEY WILEY, government food and drug expert, is getting anxious on the drug habit. They who would legislate men sober might find food for reflection in Dr. Wiley's warning. He says that "unless something is speedily done to stop the growth of the drug habit, the United States will become a nation of weak-minded and befuddled people. Its alarming growth is one of the gravest questions that confront the nation today. Every year sees thousands of people added to the already appalling list of habitual drug users. Once a drug slave, always a drug slave. The large number of dope fiends is due to doctors prescribing harmful drugs when not at all necessary."

It is easy to blame the doctors, and, doubtless, they partially deserve the blame. This is a petty, personal civilization, in which the trend is always to blame a person or class of persons for whatever seems to be wrong, instead of looking about for basic causes and stopping or changing them. We see a "reformed" whisky drunkard turning to drugs, and we hunt out the doctor on whose prescription the drug was secured, and that is as far as we can think. The fact is, that the drug habit rests upon two things, the most obvious of which is restriction, the arbitrary and unnatural forcing of men to cease certain indulgences which, in the mass, are induced by the terrible tension of modern life.

Back of that tension stalks fear. Fear is the mother of all vice and disease. Fear, even, is the real parent of gluttony, and of anger, and all other depleting emotions. Fear is the greatest devitalizing force in the world. Fear makes men and women weak, physically, mentally and morally. Fear is the thing that debauches mankind. Fear, you will find, upon close analysis, is the demon antecedent and responsible for all this demand for unnatural stimulants. The fearless do not need whisky or drugs—yet they who have recourse to whisky and drugs may be by this means braver and less fearless than the truly good, the pure, and the holy. Judge not. The thing is too complicated. Men and women who never tasted drug or whisky may be cringing cowards, or emotional drunkards. The whisky drunkard or dope fiend is not the worst drunkard in the world. But the point is that back of all drunkenness stalks the monster, fear.

Fear of what? Aye, there's the rub! Not fear of bodily harm, not fear of violence, not fear of hell fire, nor of death. All these fears modern society has so adjusted civil life as to minimize almost to the vanishing point. Even moral cowardice is not a great danger today. Many are brave and strong even to the point of confessing their own errors and not hypocritically claiming to be better than those whose errors and weaknesses are of a different sort. Yes, even moral cowardice is going out and hypocrisy is becoming unfashionable. And yet the monster, fear, stalks through the land and casts its ominous

shadow over palace and hut alike, and men take to drink and drug to brave the shadow and forget it, while others cringe and bend in white terror to escape. Fear is everywhere—the fear of poverty. Year by year the great dread increases. None escapes. This fear weakens men and women, and weak men and women at times find strength in whisky or drugs. Occasionally, they become money drunkards instead of whisky drunkards. And all of us, our vitality depleted by the great Christian fear of poverty, become weak and are easy prey to foolishness or indulgence. While that great terror haunts humanity, turns to dead sea fruit its finest achievements, and casts its black pall on the brightest hours and fondest hopes of men, it is bootless or worse to ask congress to pass laws making it more difficult to buy drugs.

This is Dr. Wiley's plan to cure the drug evil—another congressional law. Why, were all the drugs in the land banished by congress, there are still a thousand weeds to be grown in one's back yard or in a pot on the side porch. When congress has banished the new form of artificial stimulation, there are still ten thousand secret ways to gain drunkenness. There are methods of breathing that will quickly produce all the effects of opium smoking, and there are chanting vibratory motions to produce in the throat that will give all the deadening or stimulating effects of whisky. In view of this, is it wise to attempt restrictive legislation, which means the setting out of sticky flypaper to catch the flies that breed upon the garbage piles that accumulate in the back yards?

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE TO THE English quatrain:

For our long work-day,
For the taxes we pay,
For the laws we obey,
We want something to say,

Madame Severance, the recognized pioneer leader in the equal suffrage movement on the Pacific coast, has added:

By the ballot way,
And without delay.

Well, why not? Perhaps Senator Wolfe is right in declaring "that the leading divines of the nation are opposed to woman suffrage," but even so, that is not a reason why women should be denied the ballot. Our reading of sectarian history does not imbue us with great faith in canonical progressivism, in fact, the church's function is to stand pat. In civic life the church is conservative and stands for things as they are. After equal suffrage is a fait accompli, the church will bless equal suffrage, just as it blessed republicanism, after it was accomplished. And when democracy shall finally be achieved—if any church survive in that far distant day—with admirable serenity it will bless democracy.

Senator Wolfe assures us that the race he springs from idealizes women. That is true. Many things are true that are not as they should be. There is neither good sense nor true poetic value in idealizing women as women. Women are made of no finer clay than men. Certain women, concretely judged, are not so good as certain men, and vice versa. Abstractly, there is as much divinity in one as in the other, and as little. To idealize anybody for a general reason is foolish. There are all sorts of men and all kinds of women. It is well enough for one man to idealize one woman, or so, and for a woman to idealize one man, or more, according to circumstances, but the foolishness of idealizing a whole sex belongs to that day when troubadours roamed the land and half the business of life was done in the court of love, which meant little more than sentiment. Then women were idealized—and beaten regularly.

In the San Diego Union of last Sunday a special writer inveighs against the "loud sisterhood, phalanxed at Sacramento on behalf of equal suffrage." He belongs to the troubadour age, right enough, since he is found decrying the passage of the proposed bill to amend the constitution and give women the right to vote. "A woman's place is at home with her children," he oracularly declares, "or, if she has no children, still at home, where her husband can find her when he wants

her." Inexorable logic! For such an one the apron string method is the surest tie, if nature has denied the Siamese twin yoke of flesh. This toplofty critic concludes his obsolete diatribe against equal suffrage by pleading, "Surely there is enough ignorance in the electoral franchise as it is, without increasing it at least fourfold."

What a pity that so well-edited and progressive a newspaper as the Union should sanction the publication of so unprogressive and illogical a screed. Is woman any the less fitted for home duties, because she takes an interest in the politics of her country—politics in the best sense of the word—and votes according to her intelligent convictions? Is man compelled to neglect his business to do as much? Is the vote of the average male likely to be fourfold more intelligent than that of the average woman? We doubt it. The women who will vote will not do so until they have made a conscientious study of the measures or policies requiring the plebiscite and we believe they will far outnumber their thoughtless, frivolous or "man-ordered" sisters. At any rate, man is assuming much when he declares a fourfold superiority over woman in the exercise of the franchise.

GRAPHITES

It is well for England and for England's king that the scandalous stories concerning an alleged morganatic marriage contracted by King George, when a prince, with the daughter of an English admiral, are given their quietus by the decision in the criminal libel proceedings instituted by the crown against a newspaper publisher. The evidence adduced seems to be conclusive. Miss Seymour, now married to a naval captain, testified that she had not met Prince George until several years after the alleged marriage was said to have taken place, and then only at a lawn party. The defendant, it must be confessed cut a sorry figure. He demanded that the king be brought into court and interrogated. This procedure the English law forbade. After the verdict of guilty of libel had been found and sentence of one year's imprisonment imposed, a sworn statement from the king was produced, in which he declared he had never been married to any one other than his present wife, the queen of England, and that any statement to the contrary was unqualifiedly false. The king's declaration rings true. The records at Malta, moreover, bear out his assertion. Now let this miserable fling at Britain's ruling sovereign pass into the limbo of things disproved.

Latitudinal free trade does not originate with President Taft. It was one of the things that James G. Blaine tried to establish, and when he was asked why there should be unhampered trade latitudinally and not longitudinally, he quietly, though never publically, admitted that free trade with Canada and Mexico were only wedges which he hoped to insert in the protection dogma to split it asunder. Mr. Taft's conversion comes too late. The eleventh hour is already passed. He gave the full strength of his great office to the protection interests. When the votes were counted last November it was 12 o'clock for him. Now he would recant, but it is too late, and his own congress elected to serve the high-tariff interests will probably not consent.

Another "benefactor of mankind" appears in Sunday's yellow press. Cut off the coupon in the corner, it costs you nothing but your name and address! In return you will get a cheaply printed booklet, telling how, for one or a hundred dollars, this "benefactor of mankind" will cure your catarrh. He occupies an entire page of simulated "pure" reading matter, which is calculated to make the credulous believe that the publisher of the newspaper personally wants you to cut off that coupon. At any rate, he doesn't care, so long as the "benefactor of mankind" pays him several thousand dollars for the use of that page in all the yellow papers. The yellow press has to live.

That Mexican revolution doesn't seem to be amenable even to press censorship. It keeps right on revolting just as if it were getting scare heads on the first page every day. Now and then a private letter leaks through or a brief dispatch, from which it is pretty evident that the insurgents are even stronger in the south than in Chihuahua, all of which must be amazing to the Hearst news service and other interests.

MAY IRWIN'S NEW FARCE COMEDY

LAST night I saw May Irwin for the first time. It is a shocking thing to confess, but I feel like scoring myself for throwing away so many good opportunities for enjoyment in years past. Why have I never seen her before? Simply because I never dreamed she could be so thoroughly delightful. Her play this season is a farcical comedy by Harry Wilson and Booth Tarkington, authors of the "Man From Home." There is nothing remarkable about it except that it is built to fit Miss Irwin. Its recommendation lies in the fit. It seems to be a capital vehicle for her. But with her buoyant freshness and big-hearted simplicity, she can turn tinsel into pure gold. No one can sit through Miss Irwin's performance and come out ill-humored. She makes for smiles, good humor and human sympathy. The prologue shows the back yard of Mrs. Jim's boarding house in Yellow Dog, Mont. Mrs. Jim is just the sort of person you would expect May Irwin to make her, genuine, whole-souled and efficient. After long years of waiting, the mine that her dead husband's partner, John Blake, has been working, suddenly pans out. Money, money, money—there are tons of it. Mrs. Jim does not hesitate a moment. As soon as the truth dawns upon her she sends down to the store for "nine and a quarter yards of that there 87-cent linoleum" she was looking at the night before. Having gone so far along the road of self-indulgence, it does not take her long to develop. In the hands of her niece, Georgiana, who has been to boarding school and who has read real novels, she quickly extends her vision beyond the linoleum, beyond the cast-iron moose that her soul has longed to see in her front yard, beyond Butte, beyond Chicago to "the center of the world, wherever that may be." So, when John Blake asks her to change her name from Mr. Jim to Mrs. John, she refuses, for with her "very complicated nature, she feels that she must have the "opportunity to live her own life."

* * *

In the first act we find her in Paris, in the Hotel Sitz. With the help of Mrs. Corydon Jones she is busily getting a polish for herself and her niece. Mrs. Corydon Jones is a steamer acquaintance with an eye to the main chance. In alliance with two bounders, "Principe di Campo Basso" and Clinton Van Stuyk, she travels toward an ultimate fleeing. Mr. Van Stuyk has a good old New York name that "one can lean upon," and Mrs. Jim decides to lean upon him, though, as far as the eye is concerned, the prince could support her better than the unstable absinthe drinker, Van Stuyk. Mr. Chippy, as Mrs. Jim calls the prince, a nickname that would have more point if Mrs. Corydon Jones were a little more careful of her pronunciation of the Italian Principe, is destined for Georgiana. Things seem to be pretty well settled when John Blake arrives upon the scene of action. Mrs. Jim has not heard from him for six weeks, and she is getting worried, for fear he has forgotten to put on his winter flannels. Blake, seeing how matters are going, fixes the prince with good American dollars, and then makes a bargain with Georgiana. They are to pretend to be in love with each other. Georgiana is quite ready for the sake of Tommy Kent, a poor young artist of the Latin Quarter. Tommy and Mrs. Jim are put on the grill. Tommy bewails his poverty and Mrs. Jim suddenly has an illuminating idea. "How do you know you are not rich?" she bursts out. "How do you know you haven't helped a rich old lady over the mud? How do you know she has not dropped a fortune into your lap? Things like that happen. Why shouldn't things happen to you? Haven't you read about the poor young man? How do you know it's not you? How do you know you haven't made a fortune in Wall street? Say, you'd know enough to take it, wouldn't you, if it dropped right here at your feet?"

* * *

Tommy knew. A minute later, when Tommy is telling Georgiana how he helped a rich old lady over the mud, the fortune drops at his feet in the shape of a telegram announcing that he has made more than two hundred thousand dollars in stocks. This settles the little game between Georgiana and John Blake. But there is the exemplary Van Stuyk. Mrs. Jim has passed her word, and the wedding day is set. With all the woe of a baby who has a pain located no one knows exactly where, Mrs. Jim enters in bridal array. "When are they coming to carry me out?" she wails. The orchestra bursts out with the wedding march, the "very good courier Frish" discloses an elaborate wedding bell and produces a wedding cake with a tiny bride and groom adorning its top, and Mrs. Jim, drying her eyes with her wedding veil, collapses on the sofa.

"Pull yourself together." John Blake urges. "Where?" she gasps, clutching her dress together. Then John tells her that Van Stuyk has bought some of the stock that made Tommy rich and Mrs. Jim, understanding that there is no "goblin to git her," decides that it will be the nicest thing in the world to become Mrs. John, that her nature is not so very complicated after all, and that Yellow Dog, Mont., is much nearer the center of the world than is Paris, with its vassals and valets and its Van Stuyks and Mr. Chippys.

* * *

That Miss Irwin makes this little play seem a very fresh and living thing is an evidence of her art. Her power to transform low farce into delicate high comedy is marvelous. "Young man," she says to Tommy, "can I trust you? Then open the door of that cabinet and bring me that pair of old shoes." She is gowned in a beautiful Paris creation and she wears high-heeled slippers to match, but they are too much for feet accustomed to Yellow Dog roads. With joy born of relief from exquisite suffering, she divests her feet of the dainty slippers, and then tries to clothe them with the nice old shoes, but try as she will the shoes in her hand cannot be brought to meet the outstretched foot. Again and again it slips to the floor, and each time comes the disappointed, frustrated smile of expectation. Presently she hits on a scheme. Around the table leg goes her hand with the shoe. It looks so easy, but the foot won't go in. "Tommy," she calls, and Tommy comes to the rescue. As he kneels to put on the shoe she pleads, "I haven't made any mistake in trusting you, have I? You won't tell anybody?" But Tommy does not need to tell anybody, for the flapping tongues just won't stay under the long gown that she depends upon to conceal them. This would be horse play if it were not the most delightfully delicate comedy. Her humor and her easy naturalness illumine every bit of business she does from counting the puffs on her head to see if all thirteen are there, to dusting the mantelpiece with its lambrequin. That she sings several of her old songs together with new ones adds just that much enjoyment to the evening. There is nobody that sings those songs just like her. It is the test of an artist to take a simple ragtime song and with sheer beauty of voice and simplicity of manner make it haunt the mind with sweetness for days. When I find myself refreshed at the end of a play and anxious to see it again, I feel like urging my friends to go to see it. Therefore, when May Irwin gets to Los Angeles, don't miss letting her cheer you up.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, January 30, 1911.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

THERE was little business done this Tuesday afternoon in store, office or factory. Many of the big stores, indeed, closed as soon as the first news was flashed over the wires that San Francisco had won her long, stern fight for the Panama exposition prize, and the rest of the day was given over to celebrating. Simultaneously with the explosion of the bombs that announced the victory, the sun, which had been in hiding for several days, burst out in glory. And instead of the pelting rains that we have had for the last week, a cloudless day remained. Half the population seemed to pour out into the streets and cheering crowds collected in front of the newspaper offices.

* * *

Impromptu parades were organized, bands engaged on short order, and for the remainder of the day and long past midnight Market street was the scene of merriment and rejoicing. A mass meeting was called at the Merchants Exchange, and long before the hours appointed it was hard to get near the building. The enthusiastic scene which was set there last April when citizens subscribed more than \$4,000,000 for the exposition in less than two hours, was repeated. Eloquence which then voiced the city's ambition, determination and confidence now exulted in victory. And splendid tributes were paid to the devoted band of men who have made the victory possible. There will be a great home-coming for the Washington delegation, and San Francisco seems in no mood to cease celebrating till the victors have returned.

* * *

It is pleasant to record the fact that the name of Joseph Scott of Los Angeles is conspicuous in every celebration of San Francisco's victory. There is universal recognition of his invaluable services, and it is safe to say that his name will never be forgotten in the first chapter of the history of the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915. Mayor McCarthy's absence in Washington relieves him of the stress and anxiety of another police shakeup, but the rumpus is calculated to

make another dent in the record of his administration and damage his chances of re-election next November. There are worse evils in San Francisco and every other large city than gambling, but there is none that can be exploited more easily by a sensational newspaper, and it happens to serve as the readiest weapon with which to attack a police department which earns the displeasure of a newspaper. From the moment that Chief of Police Seymour assumed office, the Examiner opened its batteries upon him with gambling ammunition. It is not probable that the Examiner cares particularly for Seymour's scalp or that it has any confidence that gambling in San Francisco can be extirpated, but it is quite certain that the Hearst brigade is bent on undermining McCarthy's plans for re-election. For one gambling joint that has been running in the last year, there were a half dozen in full swing in the later part of the Taylor good government administration. And all that time the Examiner was not concerned with gambling in the city, although it was much exercised over the roulette road-house in neighboring San Mateo county.

* * *

They who know Chief Seymour and his record are convinced of his sterling honesty and his eminent qualifications to administer the police department for the best interests of the city. But it is doubtful if he will weather the present storm. It is not difficult for a powerful newspaper to break the best chief of police that ever was. All who recall the systematic campaign upon Chief Glass, mainly conducted by constantly publishing Poker Davis' picture in the Times, will appreciate this.

* * *

Newspaper warfare upon a chief of police invariably succeeds in demoralizing the force. What discipline can be expected when the word of a sergeant or a patrolman is hungrily sought to give his chief the lie? A commanding officer, so long as he is in the field, is entitled to a measure of respect by the public press. What would be thought of a newspaper which, in a campaign gave publicity to every subordinate talebearer criticising or denying his chief? In the present instance, Chief Seymour states that he gave explicit orders to Captain O'Day to close the gambling clubs in his district. Last Friday's tragedy, when a ruined citizen held up the Saratoga Club and was shot, or, shot himself in the melee, proved that Captain O'Day had grossly neglected this duty. But the newspapers, following the Examiner's lead, give as much space and prominence to the subordinate's denial as to the chief's statement.

* * *

For two days before the Pacific Union took possession of its splendid new home on the site of the old Flood mansion on Nob Hill, the sacred portals of the club were thrown open for inspection by the fair sex. For luxurious appointments and beautiful decoration, the Pacific Union is now believed to be the handsomest club in the United States. Among its novel features is a salt-water swimming pool, of classic architecture, and surrounded by every comfort known to the epicurean of old, and embellished by twentieth century device. The women were allowed to look at everything except the library, the doors of which were sternly locked. Now, of course, they have conjured up a wonderful mystery in the library, and will never rest until they discover what it is. The simple explanation that the room was not finished will not suffice.

* * *

G. Fred Herr, although a resident of San Francisco for less than a year, has made himself so popular in railroad circles that he finds himself one of the candidates for the presidency of the Transportation Club, which is holding its election this week.

R. H. C.
San Francisco, January 31, 1911.

Equality

From the foot-bound women of Asia,
To those soul-bound of the west,
A murmur is rising and swelling
Of revolt and bitter unrest.

They are lifting their voices together,
With a passionate cry to be free
From man-made laws and traditions,
That have shaped their destiny.

Through ages they've been man's chattels,
For him to govern and "keep,"
But the voice of the present is calling
The soul of each woman from sleep.

To awaken with clear-eyed vision,
To see small things in their place,
To strive for those that are greater
Till equality claims her race.

—PAULINE B. BARRINGTON.

Centenary of Greatest of American Editors

WHAT the country this side of the Alleghenies owes to Horace Greeley's admonition to "go west, young man," can not be estimated. After viewing its vast possibilities, he returned to New York and in glowing terms described the fertile prairies, the beautiful valleys, the abundant waterways, which descriptive language fired the imagination of countless thousands of restless souls and started a tide of immigration westward that has not receded to this day. Hence, to Horace Greeley the west owes much, and in the proposal to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of his birth by erecting in the Westchester village of Chappaqua, New York, near which Greeley made his home for many years, a replica of the bronze statue of the founder of the New York Tribune, that stands in front of the Tribune office, the west is profoundly interested.

February 3, 1811, on a farm, in the town of Amherst, New Hampshire, the great editor was born, and there he lived until he was ten years old, when his father moved to Vermont. This brief sketch of a newspaperman I have admired since I first contributed to an amateur newspaper thirty-five years ago, is not intended to follow Horace Greeley's career in detail, but merely to recall a few of his salient characteristics and personal traits. James Parton, a first edition of whose "Life of Horace Greeley" is in my possession, tells us that Horace was an omnivorous reader, but his preference was for history, poetry—and newspapers. He had read the whole Bible before he was six years old. The "Arabian Nights" was his eighth year pleasure; "Robinson Crusoe" followed in his ninth. Shakespeare was the joy of his eleventh year. What a foundation for his future tastes in literature!

Horace Greeley was twenty when he arrived in New York to seek his fortune. His stock of cash was ten dollars, his wardrobe meager and of rural cut. In his round jacket he looked like an overgrown boy. Rather timid and of artless candor, his experiences in trying for work at the various printing offices must have caused him poignant mental suffering, but he persevered until he was given a "case," and soon "made good." The tricks played on the green country boy he bore with imperturbable good humor; kind-hearted and obliging, he was always ready to help a comrade in distress, and, needless to say, he was often the victim of his generous propensities.

Passing over the several newspaper ventures of Horace Greeley that preceded the founding of the Tribune, I need only refer to the Log Cabin, a weekly paper that he edited and published in 1840, the year General Harrison was elected to the presidency, to the columns of which Greeley contributed freely, gaining thereby an envious reputation as an able writer and a zealous politician. It was in the Log Cabin of April 3, 1841 that Greeley announced his determination of starting the daily Tribune, the week following, a morning journal to be devoted to politics, literature and general intelligence at one cent a copy—to mail subscribers at \$4.00 a year. He had no backing. His own unbounded courage, good credit, talent and experience, and a thousand dollars in borrowed money were his assets. His chief assistant was the erudite Henry J. Raymond, a notable name in American newspaper history.

Beginning with about 600 subscribers, the expenses of publishing the Tribune for the first week were \$525, and the receipts \$92. The Sun, a bitter rival of the new one-cent daily, strove by every trick and artifice to quash the aspiring

sheet, but it only succeeded in hastening the day of its attainment to general popularity. It lived through every form of vicissitude and entered upon its second year with 12,000 subscribers and a daily average of thirteen columns of advertisements. It had come to stay. That expounder of Fourierism, Albert Brisbane, father of Mr. Hearst's chief editorial writer, was a contributor to the Tribune, and for two years he wrote thoughtful and lucid articles on the subject of social revolution, as embodied in the Fourier system. It was Raymond who, meantime, had

article concerning the trial, which so provoked Cooper that he threatened a second suit, but he changed his mind when he found the whole country laughing with Greeley and at him.

Margaret Fuller's connection with the New York Tribune has personal interest for me for the reason that the talented woman once visited my home town in Oregon, Ill., where her aunt lived. It was on the bluffs of Rock river that she wrote her famous "Ganymede to His Eagle" poem, and a little island just above Oregon, past which I have often rowed, and on its banks rested, after a long skate on the river, is named in her honor, and is still called Margaret Fuller Island. Her contributions to the Tribune attracted wide attention because of the rare ability of the writer and lofty range of her work. She lived for a time with Mr. Greeley's family on the banks of the East river.

Margaret Fuller, as later champions of equal rights for women doubtless know, was always a most earnest, devoted advocate of the emancipation of her sex. She demanded for women the fullest recognition of social and political equality with the rougher sex; the freest access to all stations, professions, employment, which are open to any. To this demand Greeley heartily acceded, but he always insisted that Margaret was wrong in exacting courtesy and protection from manhood at the same time. He held that it was inconsistent with the "absolute equality" theory.

Although nearly four decades have elapsed since Horace Greeley's great spirit passed on, his position as first on the roll of American journalists remains unchallenged. His career as a newspaper editor has been a source of much gratification to me. His courage, his high ideals, his personal force and his liberal views combined to make their possessor a man of heroic mould. I always regretted his decision to step down from the editorial tripod to accept a presidential nomination. It was the one serious big mistake of his life. That the humiliating defeat he met, following so soon after the death of his beloved wife, his companion for thirty-six years, helped to bring on the attack of brain fever, to which he succumbed in a fortnight, is only too likely.

My collection of Greeleyana is not so large as I would like. The chief prize is an autograph letter to his close friend, M. H. Bovee, to whom Greeley wrote in the early days of the presidential campaign, bracing up his perturbed spirit, which already scented disaster. Perhaps not every reader of The Graphic can readily decipher the accompanying reproduction, in facsimile, of the Greeley chirography, so, to save corrugated brows, I give a translation, which I am free to confess cost me many hours of study. Mr. Greeley, however, I am credibly informed by a solicitous staff and a much bedeviled linotype operator, was not in the same class with myself for illegible handwriting. It was an awful shock to find Mr. Greeley starting off with a grammatical solecism.

Of first editions I have his "Glances at Europe," published by Dewit and Davenport, in New York, in 1851, and his ever-celebrated "Overland Journey," that was issued in 1859, in which the great editor, after viewing California north of the Tehachapi, predicts a notable future for the Pacific coast that has not lessened his fame as a prophet. He did not get to Southern California. "I had ardently hoped to return by the Butterfield Overland Mail, via Los Angeles, 'Fort Yumas,' 'Tueson,' 'El Paso, etc.," he writes, but an attack of "pestilential boils" gave him no choice but to go home via the

New-York Tribune.

private

New York, May 12, 1872

Friend Bovee:

Don't the Book somewhere say "stand still" and see the right thing evolved in the right way?

I pray you borrow no trouble. It looks to me as though all is going well. I guess New York will respond this week to Tennessee's thunder but we will be patient and steadfastly believe that God reigns. Yours,

Horace Greeley
M. H. Bovee, Esq.

(Private)

[Translation]

New York, May 12, 1872.—Dear Bovee.—Don't the Book somewhere say "stand still" and see the right thing evolved in the right way? I pray you borrow no trouble. It looks to me as though all was going well. I guess New York will respond this week to Tennessee's thunder last week. Be patient and steadfastly believe that God reigns. Yours,
M. H. Bovee.

HORACE GREELEY.

severed his connection with the Tribune and allied himself with another paper, that ridiculed Fourierism to its death, so far as the Tribune was concerned.

I have had experience with libel suits, hence have a peculiar interest in the suit brought by J. Fenimore Cooper, author of Leatherstocking Tales, against the Tribune, in its second year. Cooper demanded \$3,000 for injury to his professional character. The jury gave him \$200 and six cents costs. Greeley wrote a humorous

Isthmus. It was Horace Greeley who, following the overland trip, so warmly espoused the project for a railroad from the Missouri to the Pacific and was the first to suggest the advisability of government aid for such an undertaking. In fact, he tells us that his long, fatiguing journey was made primarily in the hope that he might advance the cause of the Pacific railroad, whose early construction he argued was a national necessity. Another reason for the west honoring the centenary of this greatest of American editors.

S. T. C.

MME. SEVERANCE AND MODJESKA

AMONG the tributes paid to the memory of the late Madame Modjeska at the Friday Morning Club last Friday was the following personal appreciation from the president emeritus of the club, the talented Madame Severance, who thus expressed her sentiments:

"It is a privilege to lay my 'roseleaf on the mantling tide of admiration, love and reverence to the gifted and beloved Madame Modjeska, whom you honor today. She was truly one of the most gifted and beloved women of our time; an artist of the highest type, a patriot with an intense longing for the freedom of her native land; a loyal wife, a devoted mother, and wearing with sweet womanliness 'the white flower of a blameless life,' through the allurements of her illustrious public career.

"It was a rare delight to be recognized as a close friend by one so eminent, so sincere, and so lovable. Our first meeting was at the World's Fair, in Chicago, 1893. I had hailed, most warmly, the decision of the women's board of managers, to set aside on its program one evening for the best available women of the stage, thus recognizing them and their noble work.

"I had come to feel with many thoughtful persons that the stage might rank with the pulpit and press as a helpful influence for civic righteousness. I was, therefore, anxious to enjoy this new departure, and was fortunate to secure a seat with sympathetic relatives, just in front of the platform. The first view of the attractive Madame Modjeska, as she placidly mounted to her place, a leader of the speakers, won my heart. I thrilled with pride, as she presented so loyal a view of the life, lofty aims, and noble endeavors of her sisters in the craft—her own presence a convincing argument in itself.

"Her simple naturalness in the social functions at which I met her, was also very charming, and when she came to Los Angeles, en route to 'Arden,' her hillside home, near Santa Ana, I made her my guest at the Friday Morning Club, of which I was then president, giving her a cordial introduction, as she sat on the platform beside me, and suggested that she be made an honorary member. The audience rose, and gave a unanimous vote in response. The dear lady added a new feature to our colder Anglo-Saxon ways, by stepping instantly to embrace me heartily in appreciation.

"She was with us at the club, and in Los Angeles, from time to time, between her eastern engagements, and she honored me by leading the group of eighty-eight charter members representing my eighty-eight years, on that birthday reception, each leaving a cluster of violets and a written sentiment in passing by me in the auditorium, a pretty spectacle, and the tributes have been carefully preserved, and cherished as souvenirs.

"She was my delightful correspondent, and I have her letters laid carefully away. She enjoyed helping by her presence, and a few hearty words of indorsement, our kindergarten lawn parties and similar affairs, and wrote me later of her joy in her home kindergarten, her son's children being the pupils.

"I had fascinating reports of her early life, and her later enthusiasm; of coming to the tempting land of freedom with her husband and their friend, the author, Sienkiewicz, in the hope of founding a co-operating colony, and when funds failed, she bravely set out for San Francisco to seek an engagement on the stage, hoping to renew the successes of her earlier life abroad. Baffled in this, through her ignorance of the English language, she studied so diligently that she mastered it in an amazingly short time, and after an earnest plea for 'a one night's trial,' succeeded, and her future was assured. I had urged her to write her reminiscences, and am happy to have seen the delightful record in print, that all may enjoy and admire it.

"Few have had the keen satisfactions, the joy of life, which came to our beloved friend in her chosen career, and none has more ennobled both life and career."



More Truthful Nature Stories

It seems that my nature stories printed in this column last week have stirred up no little comment. I am surprised to find a spirit of polite dissent from my hoop snake incident and intimidation in several quarters that it savors of the Munchausen strain. However, there is balm in Gilead. From East Auburn, Cal., I am in receipt of the following appreciative, and, in a measure, corroborative contribution. Evidently, a greater than John Burroughs is living on the Pacific coast, and one who is alive to the good qualities of *The Graphic*. The communication is dated January 30 and reads:

Esteemed Sir:—I am pleased to see that you occasionally publish, in the interests of science, well-authenticated incidents relating to natural history and particularly of that most interesting class which the old Hebrew chronicler declared was more subtle than any beast of the field, namely, the serpent. Your characteristic anecdote cited of the hoop snake (*abastor erythrogrammus*), reveals a trait of that ingenious and harmless reptile well known to nature-lovers, but of which they are usually loth to speak, lest they be enrolled in the ancient and honorable order of Ananias. A society woman of this town who moves in the highest circles, whom I shall style Miss X., relates the following: On her way to attend a card party one afternoon recently, she learned that Miss M. of Los Angeles was to be one of the guests, indeed, the guest of honor. "Alas!" she moaned, "that I did not wear my new hobble skirt, in place of this balloon that Mrs. Lincoln might have worn at the White House!" Then, like the serpent which waylaid Eve in the garden, a snake glided out into the path. But she was game, having, indeed, quite a fondness for slithery toves (which she got from Alice, probably), and only exclaimed: "See the dear little hoop snake!" Nor did she scream or run, but stood stock still, while the intelligent ophidian coiled itself around the flounce of her too voluminous skirt, deftly taking a tuck here and there, and almost instantly, like Red Riding Hood's fairy, transformed it in to as stylish a hobble as one would wish to see. "And he hung on, too, the dear, and I just tell you I led the procession," said my fair informant.

Your second story, regarding the rattle snake (probably *crotatus pyrrhus*), evinces unusual powers of observation in the raconteur, who should be encouraged to continue his investigations. The story may be received with incredulity in certain quarters, as many persons are ignorant of the fact that the intelligence of this genus of ophidians amply justifies the injunction of St. Matthew: "Be ye wise as serpents." Indeed, the ancients of all lands adopted the serpent as the emblem of wisdom and subtlety. The circumstance recounted by Mr. John Gaffey is entirely credible by those whose judgment is not warped by popular prejudice, and recalls an incident related to me by Dr. Howard Crutcher, of the Crutchers of Kentucky, but himself now of Roswell, N. M., and formerly surgeon of the Chicago & Alton railroad, and a recognized authority on reptilia, and particularly of the genus *crotalus*. It was in a Welch miner's cabin in a little coal mine town in southern Illinois, Carbondale, I think, where the doctor had called to set a broken leg. The man was helpless, the wife was washing out of doors—for the duties of daily life have to be attended to by the poor, be they gay or sad—and a little baby lay crowing in a cradle. But to the doctor's intense horror, a large rattler, a *crotatus confluentus*—he showed me the stuffed skin—had taken a half-hitch around the cradle post (it was a swing cradle, explained the doctor, who is very exact), and while it swung its head with that rhythmic motion characteristic of all ophidians in the act of charming, it gently played its rattle with its tail. The baby was greatly delighted, but the doctor whipped out his gun—he always carried one since he was held up one night in Chicago, and was a dead shot—and caught the *crotatus* exactly in the eye. "I thought it better," said the doctor, "to take no chances, but between you and me, I honestly think that Mr. Rattler was only amusing the baby."

Clean Sweep in State Institutions

That the new state administration will make a clean sweep of subordinate appointees south of the Tehachapi appears to be certain. As soon as possible, the reform school at Whittier, as well as the insane asylum at Highlands, is to have a new head, which means changes all down the line. That neither institution will suffer greatly

as a consequence is the general belief. With the installation of new officials throughout, whose permanency is insured by the proposed expected civil service law, what a machine the new condition will permit, Walter Parker's late closely manipulated organization by comparison will appear a mere kindergarten affair.

No Refrigeration Here

In the February McClure's Magazine our own Charles F. Lummis prints a delicate fragment, a translation from Plato, as follows:

Star of me, watching the mother skies
Where thine elder sisters be,
Would I were heaven, with all its eyes—
All of its eyes on thee!

Reading this exquisite bit of poetry, which reveals Plato as anything but the serene Platonic creature insistently pictured in many minds, I was constrained to ask Charley Lummis how he accounted for the variance. I could hear him smile over the 'phone: "O," he said, "it must have been a professor who learned his Greek with a 'pony' who invented the now general notion that 'platonic love' was an ancient forecast of cold-storage—Bostonian and innocuous. Because if he had ever read Plato he would have known better. Probably the only philosopher in history who has withstood the acid tests of his own profession for twenty-three centuries, and who stands today less reversed and less despoiled than any other philosopher from 398 B.C. to A.D. 1911; also knew enough to keep his own emotions from running him down. If he hitched his wagon to a star, he held the reins. But that he was enough philosopher to be also human is indicated by the fact that he has not only endured as a philosopher, but by his own definition." How many sonnets Plato may have written, no one knows; there are but a few fragments; but even Tom Moore wouldn't have thought he had a chill if the four lines Mr. Lummis has so feelingly translated had run off his ardent pen. From now on let us agree to absolve Plato from the refrigerator.

Major Truman in the Chair

That was a graceful recognition of one of the oldest newspaper men in point of service on the coast, which the Sunset Club made last Friday night, when its nominating committee reported the name of Maj. Ben C. Truman as the unanimous choice for president for the ensuing year. In a felicitous little speech bristling with epigrams, the dean of the journalistic craft in California assumed the chair. Following the monthly dinner, the evening was passed in continental countries, under the masterful and sympathetic guidance of Bishop Thomas J. Conaty and Judge M. L. Graff, whose delightful word pictures of historic scenes visited by them last summer were a joy to the fancy. The two vacancies in the club were filled by the election of Superintendent of Schools John H. Francis and Paul Shoup, head of the interurban electric system in Southern California, and a writer of nice discernment and taste. The club is felicitating itself on the acquisition of these two able Sunsetters.

Modern Office Building on Childs' Site

Soon after Henry E. Huntington returns from the east, which will be in a few weeks, it is said that ground will be broken for the erection of a down-to-date office building on the site of the former Childs homestead, at the junction of Main, Eleventh and Hill streets, Mr. Huntington acquired this fine property nearly ten years ago, and its probable use always has been a source of considerable speculation. It has been intimated time and again, that the site would be occupied by a huge tourist hotel, for which it is ideally located. Now, however, it appears that Mr. Huntington has about concluded to utilize one of the corners for the Los Angeles Railway's general offices, and co-tenants will be the Pacific Light and Power Company, and its allied corporations. A building costing upward of half a million dollars will have a tendency to enhance the value of the remaining land. It is a good business venture, I should say.

Speculation Over Gage's Successor

Who is to succeed Henry T. Gage as United States minister to Lisbon has not been disclosed, although it is reported that two applicants for the position are from Southern California, in spite of the fact that the incumbent has not yet resigned, so far as the public knows. The position carries a salary of \$10,000 a year, with an opportunity for promotion. It is rumored that President Taft has hinted he would like to offer the post to Joseph Scott, who is in Washington at present. The vacancy—if it is a vacancy—probably will be filled before March 1, as soon after

that Senator-elect Works will have to be consulted. I hear also that John G. Mott might have the post if he would bestir himself. John one time was pretty close to the Mexican ambassadorship, in the beginning of the last Roosevelt term. He had strong influential indorsement, but George A. Cortelyou, then chairman of the Republican national committee, advised the President that he had promised the honor as a reward for party services, or words to that effect. The Mexican mission, as a matter of equity, should come to Southern California. In view of the large interests Los Angeles has in the neighboring republic, this is a concession which Washington should make.

From Iowa to California

Horace Boies, former governor of Iowa, and in 1896 a prominent aspirant before the Democratic national convention for president, has become a real and enthusiastic Californian. He has settled down near Hemet, where he has acquired a large tract of land, which he is selling off to former residents of the Hawkeye State, and to others, who will pay his price for what he has. Governor Boies came here a few years ago a wreck, and since then he has taken on flesh, until he declares he is in better health than ever in his life. It is twenty years since I interviewed him at his old home in Waterloo. I was then making a horseback tour of Iowa for the Chicago Herald, writing a series of articles on the political and commercial conditions in the state. I have the pleasantest recollections of my reception.

Kosterlitsky Still on Earth

Reports reached Los Angeles from across the border this week that Col. Emilio Kosterlitsky, in command of the Mexican rurales, had met death at the hands of insurgents. The rumors, however, are not substantiated. Colonel Kosterlitsky is well known in Los Angeles, where he has often visited with members of his family. He is the owner of a big establishment in Magdalena, Sonora, where he dispenses extensive hospitality to Americans and other friends. Kosterlitsky at one time was a private or non-commissioned officer in the United States army. He quarreled with an arbitrary superior officer, applied for and secured a discharge from Uncle Sam's service, and, crossing the border, accepted the command of a company of Mexican irregular cavalry. He has been a trusted Diaz lieutenant ever since. He is an Austrian by birth, and a soldier of fortune by profession. He has always been most friendly with the Americans in Mexico, and his death would be mourned by more than one on this side of the Rio Grande.

Tetrazzini's Golden Notes

Tetrazzini's three Los Angeles concerts drew upward of twenty thousand dollars, it is stated, and of this sum the diva secured a guarantee of \$7,500, in addition to a percentage of the total in excess of \$15,000 that swelled her proportion of the receipts to about \$10,000. Manager Leahy's share was about \$5,000, and the remainder was divided between Impresario Len Behymer and those who assisted in making her program. Next year, Los Angeles is to have real opera by artists worth while, and Len Behymer, who deserves unlimited success, will be the local manager.

Railroad Men in Mining Deal

About a dozen years ago a number of the important New York Central officials, including Chauncey Depew, then a vice president of the system, were attracted to Southern California, where they financed a gold mining enterprise, out near Ludlow. They also built and equipped a short stretch of railway, later taken over by the Santa Fe. After they had worked their mine for a few years, at a big profit, the veins began to peter out, and, finally, the mine was abandoned. Recently, orders have been received here for new development work on the mine, and I hear that at least half a million dollars will be spent to prove that it contains more ore than was suspected, which, however, will be found in the deeper levels only.

Tom Reed Mine a Winner

John Hays Hammond certainly struck it rich for a few friends in the Tom Reed, located in the Kingman, Ariz., district. Hammond made an examination of this property about two years ago, at which time he advised its purchase. The mine was acquired at a low price, and with only slight expenditure it has been put on a paying basis, to an extent that its stock has been selling on the Los Angeles curb recently at better than \$2 a share, twice its par value. I hear that it pays one and a half per cent on that basis a

month. At one time it was said that President Taft was an owner of shares, but that story was denied, more or less officially, from Washington, almost as soon as it appeared. It would not be surprising to learn that at least one of the President's brothers is a stockholder. Hammond himself, while he has a big block of the shares, is stated to have been paid for his original examination in stock, instead of cash, he having elected that form of payment.

Associated Oil's Annual Meeting

Los Angeles stockholders of the Associated Oil Company have been advised that the annual meeting this year will be held in Bakersfield, the third Wednesday in April. Naturally, rumors are rife concerning the probable reports of the company's financial condition. That no dividend will be declared is generally understood, although it is said that the company has been earning better than 8 per cent on its forty million dollars of capitalization. Los Angeles made the Associated, and while few of the original holders remain, at least two of the original owners control large blocks of stock. Scores of W. F. Herrin's close friends became interested in Associated, at his suggestion, it is said, and they have confidence that dividends ultimately will be paid and the investment prove satisfactory.

Products Exposition Deserves Strong Support

One of the most sensible undertakings for the welfare of the southwest is the projected land and projects exposition which Los Angeles proposes to hold in the near future, in which all California and neighboring Arizona commercial bodies are invited to participate. It would be an excellent move were this first products exposition held on the agricultural grounds, in a permanent building, that might be rushed to completion. Too little attention has been paid to the "back country" products and the exhibits that will be massed here are certain to prove an eye-opener for Los Angeles and lead to surprising results. The plan is deserving of the heartiest support by the financial interests of the city.

Charley Bagley's Success

For sturdy persistence in attaining his object, I take off my hat to Charles Leland Bagley, one-time candidate for the council and for years a member of the Mason Opera House orchestra. A student of the Los Angeles Law School for the last four years, Charley Bagley has pursued his studies with rare fidelity, maintaining throughout his place in the orchestra. Having been admitted to the bar, this week he formally announces that he has opened an office for the general practice of law in the Exchange building. I shall miss him from his accustomed place first nights, although I expect he will simply reverse his position and face the stage instead of the audience. Charley evinced his good judgment years ago when he bought a block of Los Angeles Investment Company stock at ground-floor prices, and has been added to rather than parting with his holdings ever since. He is one of the directors in Charley Elder's prosperous company.

Sidelights on the Capital

From Sacramento a correspondent writes: "You in Los Angeles displayed good judgment when you decided to withdraw from legislative consideration the plan for a state university in Southern California. Such a proposition never had any chance of passage, while Lee Gates' bill for an institute of technology, on the other hand, may struggle through the two houses, although those who have discussed the question with Governor Johnson are more than half inclined to the opinion that he will be inimical to the initial million dollar expenditure involved. Nor will the governor, it is believed, approve the bill in aid of the proposed San Diego exposition, so that Col. D. C. Collier and his associates will find they have been egregiously fooled in regard to the compromise agreement with San Francisco. The opinion is general that Alden Anderson acted wisely when he declined to visit the state capital to plead for his position as state bank examiner. He might have postponed the inevitable, but it is doubtful. Johnson is proving that he is the possessor of more backbone than any of his predecessors have been shown to have in many a year. Brigadier General Robert A. Wankowski is to be allowed to retain command of the state national guard, in the face of his well-known Republican party regularity. The governor appreciates the fact that Wankowski stood by the ticket in the recent campaign, and also that the staunchest of his friends did likewise. This, together with Congressman-elect Stephens stoutly insisting that there should be no change in the

commanding officer of the state's military forces, and with the governor's personal liking for the head of the state soldiery, insures the retention of Wankowski as brigade commander for an indefinite period. Incidentally, Los Angeles is to have its proposed new quarter of a million dollar armory.

Big Outlook for Next Five Years

With San Francisco having won the first real battle in the campaign at Washington for the site of the proposed Panama-Pacific exposition, the real estate market here already has begun to take on a bullish tinge. Operators of the experience of Billy Mines, Bob Marsh, W. I. Hollingsworth, Col. Garland, the Rowans and other live wires express the conviction that the succeeding five years will see a growth hereabouts beside which past performances in that line will pale into insignificance. Already, these experts are beginning to plan to meet the demand they feel certain will be experienced. Acreage out toward the several beaches appears to be favorite subdivision property, more especially since it is now certain that the Southern Pacific will hurry the completion of the tunnels to and from Santa Monica, to be in readiness for the increased traffic. It is estimated that the average tourist population in Los Angeles at all times in the life of the exposition will be not far from 25,000 a day. It is also believed that by that time the Western Pacific and other new transcontinental lines will be here. With the Santa Fe operating a local service between Los Angeles and San Francisco, being practically compelled to help the Southern Pacific take care of the passenger traffic, and with the Salt Lake by that time maintaining its own line across the San Bernardino mountains, instead of using the Santa Fe, Southern California should be strictly in it.

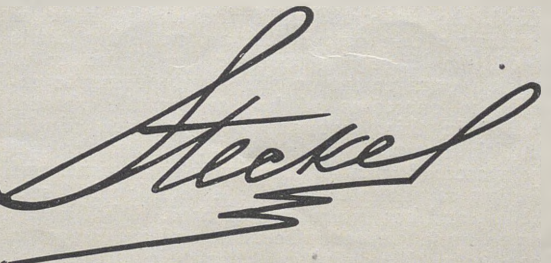
Charley Gates Has a Grievance

Charles W. Gates, the son of his father, entertains a grievance against Los Angeles, nor is he to be blamed because of his grouch. Soon after registering here, he was beset with reporters, one of whom followed him to his room, in an effort to secure an interview that the victim protested was not worth while. The newspaper man in whose face young Gates was forced to slam the door of his chamber in self-defense, wrote a fanciful story to the effect that Gates was tipping the bellboys with twenty-dollar gold-pieces and otherwise committing foolish acts. Charles retorts that while he likes to show appreciation of services rendered, he does not do so with the lavishness of a vulgarian. Also that he visits Los Angeles every winter, but not to be lampooned in the public press. He can get that kind of treatment almost anywhere. With sensible dignity he asks to be let alone, to be left to enjoy himself as an ordinary tourist. Surely, his wishes in this particular should be respected.

Water Board Vacancies to Fill

Gen. John R. Mathews, Democrat, and Maj. John H. Norton, Republican, may soon retire from the public service. Both have been members of the Los Angeles water commission for several years, and their terms will expire in a few weeks. Another retiring member is W. D. Stephens, congressman-elect, whose term ends March 4, when he replaces James McLachlan on the national salary list. The Stephens vacancy is worth \$250 a month, with fairly easy duties. Major Norton's ill health precludes reappointment for him, but General Mathews may be asked to serve for another term.

Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes
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Books

From the encyclopedia one learns that the under-graduate career of Goldwin Smith was "one of unusual brilliancy," but from the volume of his personal "Reminiscences," recently published, no such fact, nor any self-commendatory fact, can be gleaned. Seldom, if ever, will one find an autobiographical book so entirely free from all manner of objectionable or ill-advised egotism. The son of a Berkshire physician, Goldwin Smith was born at Reading, Eng., in 1823. He lived till June, 1910. As graduate and then as tutor in Oxford University, as lawyer, journalist and publicist in London; as member of the popular education committee appointed by parliament in 1858, as professor of modern history at Oxford, and as professor of English and constitutional history at Cornell University, which post he accepted in 1868; and as author, lecturer and publicist for more than half of the nineteenth century, his opportunities for measuring men and affairs were most exceptional. And these opportunities he has handled in a most exceptional manner. His life in England brought him in close touch with every public man of his time and his brief and pithy portraits of them are as interesting as a novel. His style throughout is remarkable for its unaffected simplicity and directness.

Early in life he found himself allied with the liberal movement in England, and until the last he remained steadfastly a progressive. Imbued with the ideas of democracy, he was closely associated with Bright and Cobden and the Manchester school of social economists. Here the doctrine of free and unrestricted trade was expounded, here were the ideas of universal peace and international fraternity taught, and, necessarily, the land question was espoused in almost as broad a way as Henry George subsequently outlined it in "Progress and Poverty." During the Civil War in America Dr. Smith ardently espoused the federal cause and successfully combated the heresies of chattel slavery. While yet an under-graduate, Goldwin Smith became a dissenter to the theological position that was then so strongly entrenched in all British institutions. Pithily, he tells of the early struggles he witnessed between science and theology:

Backland lectured on geology, of which he with Sedgwick and Murchison was a pioneer. I could not help marking the shifts to which he was driven in his effort to reconcile geology with Genesis. The effort now is to reconcile Genesis with geology.

"Long as was his career, not one good measure of importance bears his name." This is his just characterization of Disraeli. He could have said much less in a hundred pages. His estimate of Gladstone is not so flattering as that of the premier's many eulogists, but it is probably much nearer the truth. Gladstone was more of a politician and less of a statesman than history has thus far accredited him.

One of the surprising things in this most entertaining volume is its timeliness as to Herbert Spencer. Only once is he mentioned, and then but casually. It seems almost impossible that Dr. Smith should not have known the great philosopher and have frequently met him, but in these reminiscences there is no mention of such meeting. Among Americans with whom the author was on familiar terms were George William Curtis, Ben Butler, Thomas Francis Bayard, Charles A. Dana, and several Canadian officials not well known on this side the line. His monogram, "The United States, An Outline of Political History," is one of the standard books and admirably shows his quick sympathy with republican institutions, the many weak points of which, however, he did not hesitate politely but definitely to criticize. ("Reminiscences" of Goldwin Smith. The Macmillan Co.)

"With Sully Into the Sioux Land"

In the early sixties the Indians caused considerable trouble in all the western


border states and Joseph Mills Hanson has seized upon these grim historical facts for his trip "With Sully Into the Sioux Land," in a fashion to delight the heart of any boy. In 1862 an uprising of the Sioux, near Fort Ridgely, Minn., brought many refugees into the post, among them being Al Briscoe, a lad of about sixteen, and his mother and baby sister. His father had been shot down in his own cabin door as the family was preparing to flee to safety, and his small brother, Tommy, had been picked by the braves as he was hurrying from the barn to the house, and carried away. After the excitement of a siege at the fort, the Briscoes, unable to get any word of Tommy, go to St. Louis to reside with Al's uncle, Mr. Colton. The lad bravely goes to work to support his mother and sister. Years pass with no word from Tommy from the rescue parties. But, finally, Al's chance comes to go as commissary officer with General Sully on an expedition into the land of the Sioux, which he accepts, hoping to find Tommy, whom he has good reason to believe may yet be alive. It is the scenes and experiences of this "Northwestern Indian Expedition" that Hanson has detailed so realistically. The trip up the Missouri at a time when Kansas City was only a small but rapidly-growing frontier town, to Fort Sully, there to join other troops assembled for the overland marches, the incidents of camp life across country to a place on the Missouri river a short distance above Long Lake river, where a new post is erected, one of a chain extending from Minnesota to central Montana to protect emigrants, and lastly the exciting adventures of the trail after the hostile Sioux into their stronghold in Idaho, culminating in the battle of Takhahokuty Mountain, "the greatest and most picturesque conflict of the American northwest, that has become a part of history," are a few of the thrilling experiences. The harassing journey across the Bad Lands and the guerilla warfare of the return trip down the river round out the graphic recital completely. Certainly the boys will look eagerly forward to the second of the series "Among the Sioux." ("With Sully Into the Sioux Land." By Joseph Mills Hanson. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"Sally Ann's Experience"

This little book is the first chapter of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," by that popular southern dialect writer, Eliza Calvert Hall, who can write about old-time folk without caricaturing them. After being repeatedly published in various magazines and book form, there was still a demand for it, and it has been issued in the present attractive form. The author's purpose in writing it was to show the iniquity of the old common law of England in regard to property rights of women, which laws survived in Kentucky almost the last of the states. Humor and pathos are so oddly mingled that one goes from laughter to weeping. Sally Ann gets up in prayer meeting and scores the men right and left, including the parson, for the way they have imposed upon their wives. The Apostle Paul comes in for his share of it also, in counseling wives to submit to their husbands. It was noticed that the women came out with new togs soon after. ("Sally Ann's Experience." By Eliza Calvert Hall. Little, Brown & Co.)

"Magazines" of the Month

In the Cosmopolitan for February first place is given to startling prophecies of the future as described by Thomas A. Edison and reported by Allan L. Benson. His statements are based on the inventions and discoveries of the future and the development of present inventions. Upton Sinclair contributes an article on "Fasting—the Foe of Sickness." "The Biggest Days of Battle" by Gen. Nelson A. Miles begins a series of the author's memoirs. "Real Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes" by



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H. Addington Bruce is a series of actual accounts of duo personalities. Short fiction includes "The New Adventures of Wallingford" by George Randolph Chester; "The Bacteriological Detective" by Arthur B. Reeve; "A Humorist's Daughter" by Bruno Lessing; "How the Mocking Bird Was Won" by Alfred Henry Lewis, and "The Superman" by Mary White Slater. Miscellaneous contributions to the issue include "Half-Way Men" by Reginald Wright Kauffman; "Mary Baker Eddy" by Frederick Dixon and "Many-Sided McLean" by Evans Peck.

For February, the Craftsman features a "farm" number, special contributions including one from the pen of the editor, on the middleman and his profits, "Cooperation to Stop the Leakage Between Farmer and Consumer." Another article on the same topic is "Government Protection for Farms and Orchards," referring to the excellent laws against disease and pest that are seldom enforced. Other instructive and interesting articles include "A Garden City for the Man of Moderate Means" by Edward Hale Brush; "Modern Country Homes in England" by Barry Parker; "The Country and Long Life" by Henri Fink; "Can Alfalfa Grow to Advantage in the East" by H. B. Fullerton, and "A Living from a Three-acre Farm" by W. H. Jenkins. In the art subjects are "A Sculptor Who Finds His Models and Friends Among the Working People," a sketch of Jules Van Biesbroeck by Cecil I. Dorrian; "Sculpture Important in the National Exhibition for the Winter of 1910," and Alvin Langdon Coburn's New York photographs.

George Randolph Chester, author of "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford" contrib-

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utes the novelette to the February issue of Lippincott's. The tale is replete with humor, yet is tempered with a serious side and interwoven with a delightful love interest. An entertaining feature is the contribution by Mrs. John Van Vorst of historical documents of rare interest relative to "American Society in 1783," as seen by two Frenchmen. Short fiction includes "The Lady and the Acrobat" by Anna Contatini; "The Error of His Ways" by Elliott Flower; "The Decent Thing" by Owen Oliver; "The Super Who Stayed Boss" by Courtenay De Kalb, and "In the Clown's Donkey-cart" by Ralph Bergengren. In the "Ways of the Hour" department are "St. Valentine" by Minna Thomas Antrim; "The New Tariff Commission" by Willard French; "Fads in Literature" by Kate Masterson, and "The Advent of the Man of Great Wealth in the Amusement World" by Robert Grau.

Miss Edna Darch will give a concert in Los Angeles, February 16, which will be this talented singer's first appearance here since she left for Germany several years ago, consequently much interest will be centered in the recital.

Ralph Ginsburg is in Berlin, studying with Petschnikoff, who predicts great things for him in two years.

Music

By Blanche Rogers Lott

Next concert by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra will be given Friday afternoon with the following program:

First Symphony in C minor (Mendelssohn), Symphonic Poem, "Mirage" (Shapleigh), Overture to Anacreon (Cherubini), Concerto for Violin (Brahms).

Though the symphony is numbered one, twelve symphonies for strings had preceded it. Mendelssohn was only fifteen, however, when this symphony was written, but Moscheles wrote of him in his diary: "This Felix Mendelssohn is already a mature artist, and yet but fifteen years old." It was no less a personage than Mendelssohn who compared Cherubini, whose Anacreon overture is on this program, to an extinct volcano, still throwing out occasional flashes and sparks, but quite covered with ashes and stones. The orchestral works of Bertram Shapleigh have appeared on other programs of the orchestra and this more recent composition has been received with great success in England. The faithful and popular concertmaster, Arnold Krauss, is to present the great concerto by Brahms, opus 77, and dedicated to Joachim.

This evening, February 4, the Brahms Quintet gives its second concert at Blanchard Hall, the string quartet playing the Tchaikowsky quartet and the piano, violin and 'cello playing the popular Gade trio.

Mr. Frank H. Colby, the organist and director of St. Vibiana's Cathedral and the fair-minded and competent critic of the Los Angeles Express, has just completed a sacred song of genuine merit, which is ascribed to Harry Clifford Lott.

Dominant Club meeting, Saturday afternoon, will be devoted to practical demonstrations of the work done in the musical departments of the high and public schools of the city.

The two recitals by Josef Hofmann, Tuesday evening and Saturday afternoon, will be more than welcome. Hofmann is one of the always-to-be-relied-on pianists and invariably presents interesting and intelligent programs which cannot be said of all the great pianists. The first program is made up of Sonate, E minor op. 90, Rondo a Capriccio, op. 129, Sonate A flat major, op. 26, March from "Ruines d'Athenes" (Transcription Rubinstein) (Beethoven); Ballade F major, Nocturne E flat major, Valse A flat major, Andante Spianato et Grande Polonaise (Chopin), and an attractive Russian group.

There will be an organ and choral service in the First Congregational church, Monday evening, February 6, given by the Southern California chapter of the American Guild of Organists. Organ numbers will be played by Mr. Ernest Douglas, organist of St. Paul's; Mr. Morton F. Mason, organist First Presbyterian church, Pasadena, and Mr. Ray Hastings, organist Immanuel Presbyterian church. The choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. W. F. Skeele, will give several numbers and remarks on hymns will be made by Dr. William Horace Day, pastor of the church. This is the first of a series of similar services which it is planned to give by the guild in the different churches along the lines of similar services which have been conducted by the eastern chapters.

For the opening concert of the sixteenth season, by the First Congregational Church Orchestra, Friday evening, February 10, a most interesting program has been prepared, with Mr. Edwin House as soloist, under the direction of Wm. H. Mead.

Wonders will never cease. Has anybody ever heard of a rival pianist playing a piece by Paderewski? No; but here is Micha Elman, bless his soul, with a program for his Carnegie Hall

recital next Saturday afternoon, on which Fritz Kreisler's name appears twice. So writes Henry T. Frinck in the Evening Post. Such courtesies are common among Los Angeles musicians. Mr. Harry Clifford Lott will give a

song recital before the Long Beach high school next Wednesday afternoon.

Lester Donahue, the pianist who has made several successful appearances publicly in the last year or so, announces a recital for February 24.

Ralph Ginsburg, the gifted Los Angeles boy who went to Europe last year, is studying in Berlin with Peschnikoff, who predicts a great career for him.

Miss Mary O'Donoghue is hard at work with Lhevinne in Berlin. On top of five hours a day practicing, she is attending the most important concerts.

Christian Sinding, the well-known Norwegian composer, whose songs and piano pieces enjoy universal popularity, has recently finished the score of an opera, "The Holy Mountain," to a libretto by Miss Dora Duncker—his first venture in the field of operatic composition.

Critics pronounce the new opera of Strauss' interesting, musically, but tiresome in the story.

Misha Elman is due here later in the season, so Musical America's account of a recent appearance is good news. It is said: "Elman has gained immensely in dignity. His phrasing is better; his playing more legitimate; he resorts less to tricks; the childlike swaying of the body to and fro has been abandoned. Today he stands before his audience conscious of his strength, but with the ease and grace of a master."

Los Angeles, with all its growth into metropolitanism, is so primitive in the way audiences degrade the encore that the following from the Musical Leader is worthy of space:

"In a little treatise on art, written by Joachim Nin, a Cuban musician well known in continental musical circles, the following observations on the subject of 'encores' occurs: 'For an artist, really deserving of the name, the playing of an interesting work (and one should play only such as are interesting) needs a certain spiritual preparation, a certain state of exaltation, into which one should endeavor to concentrate all emotion. To yield to the irrelevant and childish fancy of one portion of his audience and begin all over again, is not only a great effort, but is as unnatural as repeating a phrase of our conversation, upon the pretext that it contains a good idea, or that our way of putting it has pleased our public. Why repeat a thing which has been perfectly played? I can easily understand that an encore should be eagerly demanded in a legerdemain or juggler's performance, in the case of a clown's joke or an acrobatic marvel, but for a work which has been interpreted with the whole soul; which has called forth the greatest degree of energy of which our will is capable; the doing which has occupied one of the most beautiful moments of our lives and which represents all that is noble and good in us. . . . No! . . . I cannot understand it! And, moreover, public enthusiasm naturally diminishes upon the repetition of a work, for nothing is so quickly deadened as our aural sensibilities. There is only one case in which an artist is justified in repeating a work, and that is when the public has failed to understand it. But in such cases, the public never cries encore! If we have played well enough to be understood by our listeners, then we have done our duty and there our part is ended.'"

Arthur Abell of Musical Courier is responsible for the following interesting news: Richard Wagner's forgotten C major symphony is to be published by Brockhaus, of Leipsic, and the work will be given in Berlin by

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Nikisch at a philharmonic concert February 13, the ninety-eighth anniversary of Wagner's birth. The manuscript of the work has lain idle for many years in the archives at Bayreuth. The original autograph score disappeared many years ago and has never been found, but from the separate orchestral parts of the manuscript a new score was written by Anton Seidl, when he was so closely associated with Wagner in the seventies. The score was then revised by Wagner himself and he conducted in person a performance of the symphony in Venice. That, by the way, was the last time that Richard Wagner wielded the baton. He composed the symphony when he was eighteen years old, or in 1831. Five years later he sent it to Mendelssohn, together with the following interesting letter, which has all these years been lying in the private archives of the Mendelssohn family, and which has just been published:

Madgeburg, April 11, 1836. To Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy:—I beg you to accept from me as a present the enclosed symphony, which I wrote at eighteen years of age. I request nothing further in the way of reciprocation than that you, in a leisure hour, will read it through, and perhaps it will serve to prove to you my serious endeavors and my industry. With veneration, Yours, Richard Wagner, Musical Director.

I must contend, from my own personal experience, that English, when properly studied, is next to Italian, the easiest language to sing in for an English-born person, writes Reginald De Koven in the New York World, and if our English-speaking singers would devote the same attention to proper enunciation and diction in their own language that they do to foreign tongues, we should not have to complain of the

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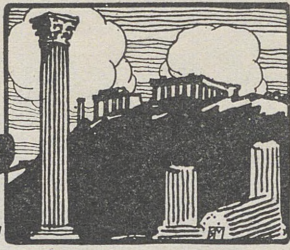
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unintelligibility of English as a language of song, or consider opera in English, as many do, a fantastic, impossible and unnecessary idea.



Art



EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK
California Art Club—Hotel Ivins.

By Everett C. Maxwell

That time-honored saying, "It never rains but it pours," may be fitly applied this week not only to the weather conditions, but to the unusual number of important art exhibitions to which the art writer is expected to devote an hour or two of thoughtful contemplation, and just as much space in print as the individual display merits. Now, anyone endowed with merely a blue-print perspective of a thinking apparatus knows that even a small and mediocre collection of art works requires at least an hour's study, for perchance deeply hidden in the chaotic maltreatment of paint may lurk a small quality which promises brighter days for the future, and if so, it is the critic's duty to discover this and tell the public about it. If I were to attempt to give simply a partial review of the various collections which are open to the public scrutiny this week and next it would require the space of not less than three departments of The Graphic, viz.: music, art and Drama. As this is out of the question, I will offer a condensed general review at this time with a promise of more detailed consideration in the near future.

I advise those who have deeply at heart the art interests of Southern California and who make it a point of honor to visit each public exhibition, to follow my example and take an entire day off and make the round of these very worthy showings. Those of you who find this plan inconvenient, or have not the time to attend even one (I doubt if this can be), may accompany me on my "little journey." Finding myself in the vicinity of the Blanchard building, I first visited the new studio of Joseph Greenbaum, where the artist, recently returned from a lengthy sketching trip abroad, is showing a dozen late landscapes in addition to his large canvas called "Les Bretonnes." This large genre is undoubtedly the most successful work by this artist, and proves Mr. Greenbaum worthy serious and comprehensive delineation. The picture depicts three Breton women praying in a little chapel for the safety of their sons, who are on distant seas. The religious atmosphere is strangely real in the painting and the handling of gray in the background is admirable. The composition is also very pleasing. Several large Catalina studies are shown and a number of small European sketches. Mr. Greenbaum's newly remodeled studio, which in days gone by was the watercolor room to the Blanchard Art Gallery, is one of the largest and most perfectly equipped in the state. The present exhibition will be open to the public until February 4.

I next visited the unique barn studio of Rob Wagner, which is located at 625 South Figueroa street. I found this genial painter wearing his best company smile, and the spacious studio, also in holiday attire, well filled with visitors. Several large and important canvases are on public view at this time. Among them are to be found excellent likenesses of such well-known persons as Father Thomas Ewing Sherman, S. J., Stewart Edward White, Alfred Allen, former Congressman Edwin Denby, John B. Miller, and a number of prominent society women and charming children. One of the latest canvases is the portrait of John Miller, president of the Southern California Edison Company. This is a strong and simple piece of work, full of character and rich and juicy in color. "The Drum" is an interesting group picture which may be termed composite. It is a portrait study of Mr. Wagner's two little sons, painted with the artist's studio wall as a background. On the wall are seen portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Wagner. The still-life accessories are remarkably well painted. "Sister" is the title given a full-length portrait of

a lovely fair-haired child, while the small oval head study of Miss Violet Hughes is as fresh and dainty as a spring flower. The head study of Alfred Allen, which would make an ideal "Truxton King," is a spirited bit of work. This exhibition closes today.

I reached the Hotel Ivins, Tenth and Figueroa streets, at 3 o'clock, and upon entering the spacious and beautiful basement gallery, which henceforth will be the permanent home of the California Art Club, I was reminded that the opening reception was to be held that evening. Everything was undergoing finishing touches. This exhibition will prove a surprise to many. It is large and varied in subjects and the works completely new. Not one old canvas finds place upon the well-hung walls. Everything is late, fresh and altogether representative of the best work of its creator. This is one of the important exhibitions of the year. The California Art Club includes in its membership all of our first-class local workers, with the exception of two. The opening of a permanent exhibit gallery by such a group of men marks an epoch in the development of western art. Of course, all canvases shown are not of equal interest, but taking the collection as a whole, it is perhaps the best showing ever made by our local painters.

Exhibitors are Julia Bracken Wendt, Kenneth Avery, Jean Mannheim, Anthony Anderson, Frederick Johnson, Arion Putnam, Charles Percy Austin, William Wendt, Carl Oscar Borg, Hanson Puthuff, Franz Bischoff, Frank Liddell, Ralph Mocine, Aaron Kilpatrick, Jack Smith, A. C. Conner, Val Costello, R. B. Manbert, and Frederick Miner. Benjamin C. Brown was prevented from sending work on account of illness. This gallery formally opened its doors to the public Monday evening, when a reception was held, presided over by Mmes. H. Alliot, W. W. Stilson, Fielding J. Stilson, Thomas Allen Box, William Cole, D. M. Riordan, E. D. Lyman, A. S. Lobingier, C. S. Pope, F. R. Miller, F. Liddell, M. A. Bartow, and the Misses Olive Percival and Florence Moore. This new gallery will be open to the public every day from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. I will review the individual paintings next week.

Last, but not least in beauty or importance, is the "flower show" of watercolors by Susie May Berry-Dando of Venice, Cal. All who attended Mrs. Dando's first annual exhibition in Los Angeles last year looked forward with pleasant anticipation to a second event. They are amply rewarded, for not only has Mrs. Dando rivalled the beauty of her subjects of a year ago, but she has advanced perceptibly in her arrangement, general treatment and poetic conception. Mrs. Dando has covered a wide field in her present showing of twenty-five studies, ranging from the brilliant red poinsettia to the palest of Shasta daisies. In her studies of the white flowers, she gives a delicacy and sentiment in handling that is particularly praiseworthy. Her grape studies, too, are both true to nature and very decorative, especially "In the Vineyard," which shows a play of light and shade on the fruit and leaves. This exhibition, which will be one of the few of the season devoted exclusively to fruit and flowers, will be open to the public the coming week. Mrs. Dando has her studio at 126 Brooks avenue, Venice.

Antonia Melville, whose studio is in Blanchard Hall, is just completing two portraits, the one being a full-length figure of the wife of Dr. S. Gwaltney, the other a three-quarters length of Mrs. Captain Christ. Both the sitters are Los Angeles women.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren E. Rollins entertained at their studio home, 313 East Avenue Sixty, last Friday week in honor of Mr. William Hooper Howells of New York.

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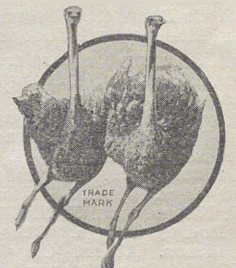
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Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke

Interesting to a wide circle of friends was the marriage Thursday evening of Miss Helen Bosbyshell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Bosbyshell of West Eleventh street, to Mr. Frederick Eugene Warner, son of Mrs. Mary Anderson Warner of New York City. The ceremony was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents and was witnessed only by members of the family and a few intimate friends. Rev. William Horace Day officiated. The home was attractively decorated for the occasion with quantities of fragrant flowers and greenery and during the service the bridal couple stood beneath a canopy formed of tulle and asparagus ferns and banked with palms. Yellow and green prevailed in the color scheme. A corsage bouquet of orange blossoms was worn and a spray of the same blossoms held her long tulle veil in place. Her shower bouquet was of orange blossoms tied with gauze ribbons. Miss Annice Campbell of Oxnard was the maid of honor and little Miss Caroline Rhone, niece of the bride, was flower girl. Mr. Charles Spears of Oneonta Park served Mr. Warner as best man. A supper followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Warner after a short wedding trip will be at home to their friends at 1709 Rollins street, Oneonta Park. The bride belongs to one of the oldest and most prominent families of Southern California. She is a sister of Mr. Edward C. Bosbyshell, who married Miss Huston Bishop about two years ago.

One of the most elaborate of the week's society events was the large reception at the Ebell Club Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. Frank Henry Gordon, Mrs. Louis Wescott Myers and Mrs. Newton Kerr Potter. Invitations to five hundred friends were issued. The club house was artistically decorated with quantities of American Beauty roses and greenery. Receiving with the hostesses were Meses. John W. Kemp, Richard Burns, J. W. Trueworthy, Frederick T. Bicknell, Edward F. Bogardus, S. B. Sutton, Thomas Pascoe, Malcolm C. Mason, Sumpter F. Zombro, George Culver, Elmer Pascoe, J. C. Brown, Willis Booth, Lucius Chase, W. W. Neuer, Fred L. Baker, E. R. Parmelee, F. B. Sutton, Harmon D. Ryus, H. K. Williamson, R. B. Williamson, J. C. Bannister, Richard Mercer, Oscar Mueller and Joseph Call.

Mrs. J. C. Crampton Anderson was the hostess Monday afternoon at a large theater party at the Orpheum, followed by a handsomely appointed tea at the Alexandria. She was assisted by her mother, Mrs. J. E. Betzold, and her sister, Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, and Mrs. J. J. Jenkins, Mrs. Charles F. Noyes, Mrs. J. H. W. Myers, and Mrs. Dudley Fulton. Other guests included Meses. Albert Clay Billicke, George W. Walker, Richard Vincent Day, W. W. Neuer, H. K. Williamson, Bernal Dyas, William Bayly, Jr., Leon T. Shettler, W. W. Wood, Lawrence Sevier, Emma Myers, E. H. Myers, W. B. Carpenter, Lloyd A. Green, T. L. Stafford, Martin Bishop, Frank B. Larned, Richard Bronson, Ernest Rivers, Harry Fryman, Stewart Macfarlane, W. J. Davis, Robert Marsh, Dwight H. Hart, H. D. Ryus, J. H. Davisson, W. P. Story, F. O. Johnson, George A. Fusenot, Simon Maier, Philip Forve, Frank Rul, Ralph Hogan, Edward C. Magauran, H. K. Williamson, Lucy Nickoli, Matthew Robertson, W. J. Powers, W. P. Dunham, Benjamin Johnson, Philip J. Wilson, Edward Allan Featherstone, John Milner, Samuel Jackson Whitmore, Reuben Shettler, Max Chapman, Carl Leonardt, Frank A. Powell, J. M. Danziger, Misses Lina Johnson, Georgia Johnson, Caroline Canfield, Eileen Canfield, Clara Leonardt, Evelyn Walker.

Mrs. Frederick Augustus Keep announces the marriage of her daughter, Miss Cornelia Keep, to Mr. Linford LaRue Pidcoe of Chicago, the ceremony having taken place at Oak Park, Ill., January 14. Mr. and Mrs. Pidcoe are at the Plaza Hotel, Chicago, where they will make their home. Mr. Pidcoe being general manager for the east of the wholesale department of Mar-

shall Field Co. The bride, who formerly lived in this city, is a graduate of the musical college of the University of Southern California. She is a sister of Dr. Fredericka Keep and Miss Annabel Keep of Hotel Washington. Following her study of music here she was abroad for seven years, traveling and studying. Mrs. Keep, mother of the bride, is in Chicago, where she will stay for the remainder of the winter.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Willis Silliman Jones for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Grace Shoemaker, and Mr. Charles Howard Burnett, the ceremony to be celebrated Wednesday afternoon, February 22, at half after four o'clock, at the Ebell Club House, Pomona. The affair will be one of particular social importance owing to the prominence of the betrothed couple and their families, and the wedding will be one of brilliant appointments. A number of pre-nuptial entertainments are being given for the bride-elect, who will be delightfully feted by her many friends within the fortnight.

Members of the Friday Morning Club are looking forward with much pleasure to the program which has been arranged by the drama committee of which Mrs. George Veach Wright is chairman, for the meeting Friday, February 24. The event is to be a pageant and playlet, the first half of the program being devoted to a pageant of porcelain and pottery, costumes being suggestive of the history and periods of the art. Later will be presented a cleverly arranged playlet in which the characters will represent types of china and porcelain. Among those who will take part in the sketch will be Meses. E. H. Barmore, Leland Bagley, Mathew S. Robertson, Thomas Brinker, William Fiske, Harry Carr, Misses Annie Bock, Margaret Daniels and Katherine Torrence.

Mrs. M. J. Monnette of 911 Western avenue gave a handsomely appointed Luncheon at her home Friday, her guests including Mrs. Engle and Miss Engle of Chicago; Meses. Sylvanus M. Goddard, Reuben Shettler, Orra E. Monnette, George Lafayette Crenshaw, J. Bond Francisco, Arthur Morlan, William Wallace Woods, O. C. Wellbourn, Joseph Carlisle Wilson, J. W. Lloyd of Cincinnati, W. F. Nichols, William Ryon, H. D. Ryus, Harry Purdon, Oscar M. Soudan, Leon Shettler, E. T. Sherer and Miss Rae Belle Morlan.

Mrs. Philip D. Wilson of 1940 South Union avenue will entertain next week with two bridge parties. The first, given Wednesday, will be in honor of Mrs. John Lambert and Mrs. Harry Thompson of Joliet, Ill., who are guests in the city, and Thursday's affair will be in compliment to Miss Grace Shoemaker, whose betrothal to Mr. Charles H. Burnett, manager of the Los Angeles and Redondo Railway, was announced not long ago. At the latter afternoon Mrs. Wilson will be assisted by Mrs. John Knight, a recent bride, Mrs. H. Bert Ellis, Mrs. George H. Kress, Mrs. Stella McNeill and Miss Dorothy Moss. Wednesday's assistants will include Mrs. Charles B. Nichols, Mrs. R. P. Davies, Mrs. Arthur F. Morlan, Mrs. Samuel Jackson Whitmore, Mrs. Malone Joyce, Mrs. Lillian Reynolds and Mrs. J. C. Brown.

Among the most prominent of this week's society affairs were the two bridge luncheons given Wednesday and Friday afternoons by Mrs. William Thomas Johnson of Kingsley Drive. Flowers and ferns were arranged attractively about the home and guests for the Wednesday affair included Meses. Charles C. Parker, Boyle Workman, Cliff Page, Jr., F. Irwin Heron, A. B. Barrett, Curtiss Williams, West Hughes, Walter J. Trask, Walter Creuzbaur, R. P. Johnston, Henry Howard, Thomas E. Gibbon, William M. Lewis, W. H. Workman, Jr., James J. Mellus, William D. Stephens, Willard Stinson, Charles C. Dick, E. Pearne Johnson, Laura Hanno, Richard Lacy, L. F. Bradford, Besson, Harriett Wright, Walter Lindley, William Charles Read, Owen H. Churchill, John



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made over cream satin, and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and bride roses. After a trip to the Grand Canyon, Mr. and Mrs. Aus-

P. Burke, Watts, B. W. McCausland, Joseph Call, Joseph B. Banning, Ben Goodrich, C. Q. Stanton, Albert Crutcher, Cameron Erskine Thom, Olin Wellborn, John Wolfskill, Jonathan Scott, Misses Minnie Bryan and Camilla McConnell.

Miss Ada B. Henry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Henry of 2643 Menlo avenue was married Monday evening to Mr. Aubrey Austin, a prominent young business man of this city, the ceremony being celebrated at the home of the bride's parents. Simplicity marked the wedding and only about fifty relatives and guests were present. Rev. Hugh K. Walker officiated. The bride wore a handsome gown of hand embroidered cream silk gauze

tin will reside in their own home at 1551 West Twenty-third street.

Miss Willamene Wilkes is the guest of Miss Gertrude Workman and Miss Susan Looney at Stanford University for the week end. Miss Wilkes, who is deeply interested in amateur dramatics and the movement of modern drama, went north for the especial purpose of seeing the miracle plays which are to be performed on the campus, the music for which is in charge of Professor Raymond M. Alden.

In honor of Miss Kathleen Spence, daughter of Mrs. Edward F. Spence, whose marriage to Mr. John R. Lang, will take place February 19, Mrs. Henry S. McKee of White Oaks avenue, Monrovia, entertained Wednesday with a luncheon. Violets and pink sweet peas were used in arranging the table and place cards were dainty valentine sketches. Guests included besides Miss Spence, Mrs. Jefferson Paul Chandler; Misses Jane Rollins, Sally McFarland, Katherine Banning, Rita Green, Sally Bonney, Marie Bobrick, Emma Conroy, Marjorie Utley, and Amy Marie Norton.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. M. C. Burnett of South Hope street for a reception to be given in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Juliet Borden, daughter of Mr. Sheldon Borden, Friday afternoon, February 10, at the family home. This is the affair which was to have been given a week or two ago for Miss Borden, marking her formal introduction in society, but the first date was cancelled owing to the illness of the young woman, who is one of the most charming members of the younger set.

In compliment to Miss Katherine Potter, a popular bride-elect, Miss Gertrude Sherwood of Lovelace avenue, entertained with a luncheon and bridge party at her home Tuesday. Guests invited included Mmes. Sidney I. Darrin, H. G. Bayless, J. C. Kubach, J. D. Young, Bernard Schuleman, H. C. Henrich, F. W. Armstrong, A. C. Potter, L. A. Denker, Wilson R. Gay, F. A. Marcher, M. F. Henrich, W. H. Cooper, C. W. Wise, Park; Misses Florence Thresher, Semone Ruch, Brischacher, Zola Hanawalt, Martha Levy, Marie Schuleman, Hayes, Bernice Marcher, Kate McCann, Sophia Kubach, Ula Hammers, Anne McCann, Gladys Taylor, Stoermer, Edith Cliff and Louise Hauser.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge Rand, who were married in Portugal, July 7, have returned and at present are at the Henry T. Gage ranch preparing for a month's hunting trip in Mexico. Mrs. Rand formerly was Miss Lucille Rand, the beautiful daughter of Minister and Mrs. Henry T. Gage and Mr. Rand is the elder son of Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand of "Whitehall," Wilshire boulevard, who with her daughter, Miss Lillian Rand, is touring Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes of 500 West Twenty-third street gave a dinner party for twelve at their home Wednesday evening, the special guest being Mrs. Walter Creusbaaur, who is their house guest.

At St. Mathias' church Wednesday evening was solemnized the marriage of Miss Vera Wingfield Westwood, daughter of Mrs. Walter Fricker of 2310 Cimmeron street, to Mr. Robert Plant. Rev. Father Alfred Smith, rector of the church officiated and the ceremony was witnessed only by relatives and a few intimate friends. Miss Naomi Fricker, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and the best man was Mr. Cyril H. Bretherton. A reception at the home of the bride's parents followed the church service. Mr. and Mrs. Plant will return to Los Angeles to make their home at the conclusion of their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Nicholas Snyder of 2728 West Ninth street announce the betrothal of their sister, Mrs. Cecelia Hindman Maybin, to Mr. Charles Francis Patterson of this city. No date has been set for the wedding. Mrs. Snyder and Mrs. Maybin, who are sisters, are granddaughters of the late Gen. John Hindman of Kentucky.

Mrs. E. W. Martindale of 636 Lucas avenue has as her house guests, Mr. A. A. Robinson, of the Mexican Central, and his daughter, Miss Metta Robinson.

Announcement is made of the marriage, Thursday afternoon, January 26, at the Church of the Angels, of Miss Jessie May Rosene, daughter of Mr. John Rosene of Seattle, Wash., to Dr. Percival Gordon White, youngest son

of Lieut.-Col. John White of Woodstock, Ont. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present at the ceremony. Dr. and Mrs. White will make their home in this city, where they will receive their friends at the Hotel Alvarado after February 9.

Miss Fay Crandall will entertain Tuesday, February 7, with a dancing party at the Woman's Club House in honor of members of the Canadian Club. A feature will be a three-act play presented by the hostess and her assistants. About three hundred invitations have been issued.

Date for the marriage of Miss Florence Parker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Parker of 1618 Church avenue, to Mr. Benjamin J. Bloeser has been set for Monday, April 17. The ceremony will be celebrated at St. Mathias' Episcopal church on West Washington street.

Mrs. Max Newmark and her attractive daughter, Miss Florence Newmark, will leave early in the summer for a trip abroad. They will remain in Europe indefinitely.

Mrs. Robert Wankowski of Normandie avenue was hostess last Saturday afternoon at a luncheon given in compliment to Messrs. Frederick Hastings and Andre Benoist, who were here with Mme. Tetrassini. Pink sweet peas and ferns were used in the table decorations, and other guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott, Miss Mollie Adelia Brown, Miss Margaret Black and Mr. Wilkinson of Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Cobligh of Canton, Ill., are guests of the former's mother, Mrs. G. R. Cobligh of 1937 South Figueroa street.

Mrs. C. L. Highbee of 3039 Rosewood avenue has as her guests her cousin, Miss Alta Curry of Indianapolis, and her sister-in-law and two children, Mrs. W. E. Higbee and the Misses Jane and Elizabeth Higbee of Chicago. Mrs. W. E. Higbee is treasurer of the Woman's Club of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Campbell and son, Loring, of Kansas City, are guests of Mrs. Campbell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Huff of Oxford avenue. In their honor of Mr. and Mrs. Huff entertained recently with an informal dinner.

Announcement is made by Mrs. R. M. Copeland of Kensington road of the betrothal of her daughter, Miss Osa Copeland, to Mr. Arthur J. Hughes, an attorney of Madison, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Dickinson of 423 Andrews boulevard have as their house guest their niece, Miss Helen Boal of San Diego. The young woman's engagement to Mr. Horton Titus of San Diego was only recently announced at an affair given by her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Boal, at their their country home near National City.

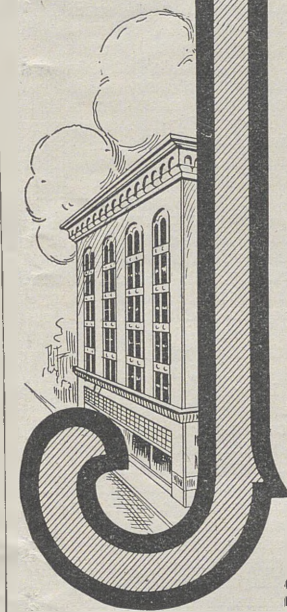
Mrs. John L. Garner of 745 West Adams street was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a daintily appointed luncheon and bridge party. The affair was given in honor of Mrs. James Rae Arneill of Denver, Colorado, wife of Dr. Arneill of that city.

Under the auspices of the steamship department of the German-American Savings Bank the following well known Los Angelans left Saturday evening on an extended tour around the world: Judge and Mrs. James R. Hervey, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Newberry, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Scott, Mrs. Ella Mitchell Willis, Mrs. Frank Edgar Williams, Mrs. Mary L. Baker, Mr. J. D. Snodgrass and Mr. Wright Curtiss. The party sailed from San Francisco Sunday on the S. S. Manchuria, and the itinerary will include Honolulu, Japan, Korea, Manchuria, Malay Peninsula, India, Ceylon, Egypt, Africa and an extended tour of Europe. Judge and Mrs. C. F. McNutt and Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Moore sailed on the same steamer. A cablegram to the steamship department announces the safe arrival at Cairo, Egypt, of the following well-known Los Angelans, who are making a tour of the world: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jameson and family, Mrs. Emma Markham, Mr. D. H. Markham, Mr. A. D. Reithmuller, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Briggs, Miss M. D. Bloomer, Prof. S. T. Black, Miss Pauline Black, Mrs. Mary Norris, Mrs. Frances Roe, Dr. and Mrs. James Murray and Judge and Mrs. J. N. Ross. The party traveled from Colombo, Ceylon, to Port Said

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

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Cheaters

Maxine Elliott, under her own management, is playing at the Majestic Theater this week, in an entertaining little comedy, "The Inferior Sex." It is the work of Frank Stayton and outlines the adventures of Eve Addison, who is carried out to sea in a rowboat and rescued by the sailors on the yacht, "Firefly," owned by Charles Winslow, a confirmed misogynist, who has left the delights of London to get away from the dear unfair sex and to write a lashing essay on their foibles and faults. Therefore, when his solitude is intruded upon by a beautiful woman, half dead from exposure, Winslow becomes "fussed." When she recovers he refuses to alter his plans in order to put her ashore. They bicker continually, and life is not a rosy dream. Eve finally decides to bribe the men to mutiny and demand that she be put ashore. To add a breath of romance she laughingly tells them to capture the brandy under the cabin floor and the gold in the lockers—which, of course, is absurd. What begins in fun threatens to end seriously, for the sailors become excited over the prospect of unlimited libations and golden sovereigns, and it is only after a sharp encounter that they are quelled—leaving Winslow wounded in the ankle by a revolver shot. Thereafter, the fair Eve astonishes the misanthrope by taking charge of the yacht and directing affairs until they are picked up by a liner. And of course he changes his mind, and decides that all women are not to be despised, and that one in particular is worth pursuing and wooing. It is a pretty little story, quietly humorous. The dramatist has over-reached himself in several instances by making Eve an ill-bred interloper, for the sake of getting a laugh or two. No gentlewoman, for example, would rummage about in a man's dressing table, and destroy his personal property. There are a number of minor actors, but Miss Elliott, Frederick Kerr and O. B. Clarence have the entire burden of the performance on their shoulders. Miss Elliott is as statuesquely beautiful as of old, and she acts just as a well-trained thespian would—with all the little theatrical artifices she has learned in the past, and without once endeavoring to show that she has an imagination of her own. She is always pleasing, however, although one does wish she would throw off the cloak of theatricism occasionally. As the crabbed Winslow, Frederick Kerr is convincingly artistic, and his metamorphosis from the woman-hater to the woman-lover is admirably done. The best comedy work and character work is done by O. B. Clarence, who makes his low comedy role of Bennett, the valet, a thing of unceasing delight to his audiences. The piece is well staged, and Miss Elliott deserves a line of commendation for her good taste in the simple sailor gown she wears throughout the action of the comedy.

"The Nigger" at Auditorium

Dealing with the question of interracial marriage and the instinctive antipathy of the white people to receiving the blacks as their equals, Edward Sheldon's play, "The Nigger," at the Auditorium this week, with Florence Roberts and Thurlow Bergen in the leading roles, is a drama of powerful and interest-compelling worth, but at the same time one with an abhorrent major note. To the northern folk the main situation can never instill the repugnance that it does to the southerners. To the white people living south of the Mason and Dixie line a negro is a servile creature and a drop of black blood is a taint that if known is not ignored. The drama is in three acts, the first being notably the strongest. The story is of a brilliant young southerner, sheriff, and later governor of his state, who is suddenly confronted with the knowledge that he has negro blood in him. He is engaged to a young woman, a member of one of the finest families of the south, and to her he reveals the truth. One of the big scenes of the play is her instinct-

ive display of loathing when she realizes her sweetheart's taint of blood, and his vehement, frenzied refusal to relinquish his love for her. In the last act the girl comes back to her former fiancé and against every instinct of her southern rearing offers her love, but the man, meanwhile, has conquered himself and almost superhumanly risen above personal desires. He determines to make public his ancestry and to sacrifice position, wealth and everything else he has held dear, in order to devote himself to the betterment of the black people, the people of his own race, whom he himself has so loathed. In the first act, the most forceful of the three, is featured with a suggestion of the horrible detail, the lynching of a negro, who, it develops later, is a cousin of the young sheriff, who tries ineffectually to save him for a legal trial. The play's greatest dramatic value lies in the fidelity of its depiction, but it revolts while it fascinates. Essentially, the principal character is a male, and Thurlow Bergen, who plays the part of Philip Morrow, "The Nigger," gives a thoroughly capable interpretation. Stunned by the revelation of his antecedents, Morrow, as depicted by Bergen, is in a mental daze, until he grasps the only solution to his problem, that of renouncing his station as a white man and devoting his talents and energies to the despised race. Florence Roberts' role in the first act is necessarily one of extreme reserve, but she finds her opportunities in the last scene of the second act and in the final part of the last act, which allow for the expression of emotionalism, in which she is notably an artist. George Barbier as Clifton Noyes, who is the means of revealing to Morrow his misfortune of birth, gives a praiseworthy delineation, and lesser roles are adequately presented by a competent assisting company.

Second Week of Orpheum Road Show

Owing to washouts and delays consequent, the week billed to begin Monday at the Orpheum was a day late. This is the second week of the road show and to the star performances of last week, are added Alice Lloyd, Lew Sully and Lillian Burkhart and company in the miniature drama, "What Every Woman Wants." Alice Lloyd is a supreme artist in her line; she has youth, beauty and engaging charm. Her singing and costuming of "If I Were Master Cupid," was entirely bewitching. Mr. Lew Sully's best hit was his funny burlesque of this same performance. Cupid, with the girth of a barrel, was certainly a comical sight. He followed it with the hobble skirt song, and promises a Sully version of the Alice Lloyd favorite, "Splash Me," next week. "What Every Woman Wants," by Madge Clover and Louella Conly, returns after a few changes and a round of favorable press notices in the coast cities north. Miss Burkhart finds in the play a medium for emotional acting of a kind different from her former stage work, and acquires herself admirably. She is dainty and charming as the lady's maid, and keeps a fine reserve in her acting. Cleo Madison as Mrs. Stuart, the deserting wife, is beautiful and earnest, while Stanley Twist is entirely adequate as James Philips, the returned husband of Philips, the maid. The entire bill is rarely good; the Rigoletto brothers continue to do their clever and startling turns, while La Pia's dancing is well worth seeing twice.

Mirthful Bill at the Los Angeles

Pelham, the hypnotist, is compelling unrestrained mirth at the Los Angeles Theater this week, by his control of various subjects who offer themselves for sacrifice. His exhibition has a scientific value and is really wonderful, while its comedy features are certain to cause hearty laughter from the most crabbed of onlookers. Another mirth-provoker is Rube Dickinson, who has a monologue that is different. As a rural justice of the peace, Mr. Dickinson receives a large measure of laughter which he raises by legitimate

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methods. Fred Eckhoff, eccentric musician, not only provides good music, but adds to the general merriment by his absurdities in playing. Especially popular is the Knight Brothers & Sawtelle team, in an act which would be better were the members to eliminate their unnecessary patter and confine themselves only to their singing and dancing, which is well done. A hodge-podge is offered by Thomas Leo and Jessie Chapman. Leo does a bit of clever horizontal bar work, and his partner interpolates effective rag-time dancing. Robert Carter and Kathryn Waters are not especially entertaining, nor does Kittly Edwardes make a hit in her comedy songs. Of course, the Laugh-o-scope pictures are excellent.

Offerings for Next Week

For the week beginning Sunday night, Feb. 5, Lew Field's big musical production, "The Midnight Sons," with George Munroe and a hundred others, will be the attraction at the Majestic Theater. It comes to the Pacific coast with the endorsement of nearly a year's engagement at the Broadway Theater, New York, in which city it was pronounced one of the most successful musical productions that city ever witnessed. Two or three of the scenic surprises in this show have become world-famous, notably the setting representing the interior of a complete theater, with its orchestra, its tiers of boxes, balcony, gallery, and a real audience of more than three hundred people. Another effective scene represents the observation end of a swiftly moving Pullman train. The latter effect is patented throughout the world, and is the only scenic effect of the kind ever presented. In addition to George W. Munroe, who made the pronounced hit of the New York engagement, many of the original cast

will be seen here, including George Schiller, Alma Youlin and others.

"The Liars," John Drew's enduring comedy success, will be the bill at the Belasco next week, with Lewis S. Stone and Eleanor Gordon returning to their places at the head of the organization after a three weeks' absence. The presentation of this Henry Arthur Jones play will take on additional interest from the fact that it will serve to introduce two new members of the Belasco organization, Robert Harrison and Hugh Dillman, as well as offering splendid opportunities to Roberta Arnold, the new Belasco ingenue. "The Liars" represents Mr. Stone at his best. Mr. Stone will be seen in the role originally played by Mr. Drew, while Miss Gordon will essay the chief feminine part. The entire Belasco company will be found in particularly congenial roles. Incidentally, the production will afford the women of the Belasco company a chance to display a number of especially beautiful gowns. Following "The Liars," the Belasco organization will give the first performance of Hayden Talbot's new play of the great southwest, "In God's Country." The production is made by special arrangement with William A. Brady, who will make the play known to New York theater-goers immediately after the Belasco production.

"The Fox," Lee Arthur's comedy drama, will start on its fourth week at the Burbank Theater Sunday afternoon. This will be the last appearance of this play in Los Angeles, and the extension of time is the logical result of the tremendous business which it has done for the last three weeks. The fourth week places "The Fox" in popularity above "Paid in Full" and "Salvation Nell," which were played three weeks each. It is a long while since Manager Morosco consented to the run-

ning of a play for so long a time at the Burbank, as he has so many new ones awaiting production that he is not anxious to have any lengthy runs on his hands. Following "The Fox," the Burbank will stage the first stock production ever given of Leo Dietrichstein's clever comedy, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" which ran for an entire season at the Republic Theater, New York, under the direction of David Belasco.

Capacity audiences continue to visit the Grand Opera House to see Walter De Leon's musical comedy of college life, "The Campus," and Sunday afternoon Ferris Hartman and his big singing and dancing company will enter on the sixth week of this record breaking play. The attendance on "The Campus," since the opening five weeks ago, has been the surprise of the season, and the Grand box office records

ture. Miss Lloyd will have new songs, new gowns and new hats, and Lew Sully will have new parodies of her turn. Bonita, of "Wine, Woman and Song" fame, is the topline of the newcomers. She has a tabloid musical comedy called, "The Real Girl," in which she is assisted by Lew Hearn. Charles B. Lawlor and his daughters, Mabel and Alice, have an act, "Night and Day on the Sidewalks of New York," which contains bright patter, good songs and clever dancing. The original Hanlons, with their pantomimic novelty, "Just-Phor-Phun," will clown a merry turn. Elise, Wulff & Waldorf come from Germany in the latest thing in athletics. Besides Alice Lloyd and Lew Sully, the bill will retain Lillian Burkhart and her company, and Ernest Scharff.

Sullivan and Considine will open an-



BONITA, AT THE ORPHEUM, NEXT WEEK

show the fifth week to be the largest since the run began. Six weeks of this play is a powerful argument as to its merits and the unusual success that has been scored by Mr. De Leon and Muggins Davies as well as several other members of the company has caused Mr. Hartman and the management to decide upon a starring tour for Mr. De Leon and Miss Davies. The piece contains many opportunities for hearty laughter, it has a delightful college atmosphere, sixteen songs that are not easily forgotten, and a cast that could scarcely be excelled. The advance sale of seats which opened Thursday morning presages a sixth week of large audiences. A run of this length for a musical play is unprecedented in Los Angeles.

Music, merriment and song will rule the new Orpheum bill which goes on at the Monday matinee, February 6. Alice Lloyd and Lew Sully remain the bright particular stars, but there are several incoming acts of a musical na-

other new bill at the Los Angeles Theater with the usual matinee Monday. There is no denying the fact that the attractions which have been seen on this stage in the last few months have constantly been increasing in quality. The new bill is headed by two fine features, the first being Rose Naynon and her wonderfully trained troupe of tropical birds, and the second feature the Four Charles. The latter will bring to the Los Angeles stage Europe's latest spectacular transformation act, with a fairyland scene changed to a kitchen, and the performers from fairies to chefs and scullions in two seconds. Joe Lanigan, an elongated specimen of humanity, with a make-up that gives him the appearance of an undertaker, has a bright monologue. An unique comedy, entitled "Locked Out at 3 A. M.," will be one of the important fun offerings. This will be presented by Stephen Gratton who will be remembered as a star in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Others on the new bill will

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

Main Street,
Near Sixth.

LOS ANGELES' LEADING STOCK COMPANY.

Fourth week begins Sunday Matinee, February 5,

Lee Arthur's Delightful Comedy Drama,
See it before it is taken East. The most costly
production ever given in Los Angeles.
Full of laughs from beginning to end.

Nights, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Next—"Is Matrimony a Failure."

THE FOX

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER

Broadway, near Ninth. LOS ANGELES' LEADING PLAYHOUSE Oliver Morosco, Manager
WEEK BEGINNING FEBRUARY 5. SUNDAY NIGHT.

Lew Fields' Colossal Spectacular Musical Comedy, 250 people on the stage,

The Midnight Sons With George W. Monroe

Prices, 50c to \$2. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 50c to \$1.50.

Next Attraction—"The Chocolate Soldier"

The Home of
Musical Comedy.

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BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, FEBRUARY 5.

FERRIS

and his big Company in
the sixth big week of

HARTMAN

Walter De Leon's record-
breaking musical comedy

CAMPUS

To follow—"Fantana." First appearance of Henry J. Balfour and Miss Edith Willmarth. Seats now selling.

The Home of Variety.
Spring Street, near Fourth.

LOS ANGELES THEATER

Direction of
Sullivan & Considine.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 6

ANOTHER BIG BILL

The Four Charles'
Rose Nayon and Her Tropical Birds
Lucy Tonge
Joe Lanigan

American Trumpeters' Trio
Stephen Gratton & Co.,
in "Locked Out at 3 a. m."
Laugh-o-scope

COME EARLY. WHERE EVERYBODY GOES. 10c, 20c, 30c.

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THE AUDITORIUM

L. E. Behymer,
Manager

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 10, 3 O'CLOCK SHARP.

L. A. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA,

Harley Hamilton, Director.
Arnold Krauss, Violin-Soloist.

Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.50.

Seat Sale at Bartlett's.

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TUESDAY NIGHT, FEB. 7, SAT. MAT. FEB. 11. SEASON'S GREATEST PIANIST.

JOSEF HOFMANN Fifth Event, Philharmonic Course

Prices 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.

Seat Sale at Bartlett's.

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Matinees Thursday, Saturday
and Sunday. Every Night at
8:15

COMMENCING MONDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 6,

LEWIS S. STONE and the Belasco Company present Henry Arthur Jones' great comedy success

THE LIARS

In preparation: First time on any stage, Hayden Talbot's great play of the Southwest, "In God's Country."

Regular Belasco prices: Nights, 25c to 75c. Mats. Thurs., Sat., Sun., 25c to 50c

Spring St., bet. 2d & 3d
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ORPHEUM THEATER--Vaudeville

MATINEE
2:15 DAILY

BEGINNING MONDAY MATINEE, FEBRUARY 6, 1911

Alice Lloyd
England's Famous Comedienne
Bonita and Lew Hearn
"The Real Girl"
Hanlon Bros.
"Just Phor Phun"
Lillian Burkhart & Co.

Matinee
Today

Lew Sully
"Words and Music"
Chas. B. Lawlor & Co.
"Sidewalks of New York"
Elise, Wulff & Waldorf
"After the Football Game"
Ernest Scharff

"What Every Woman Wants"
Every night 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c

Orpheum Motion Pictures.

"In a Music Shop"
Matinee at 2:15 daily, 10c, 25c, 50c

be the American Trumpeters Trio, Lucy Tonge, the little girl with the big voice, and the Laugh-o-scope pictures.

Treble Clefs

Josef Hofmann, the great Polish pianist, is again returning to Los Angeles, where he has gained many triumphs in the past. Hofmann is the greatest of the modern Polish pianists, and this year has distinguished himself by being engaged for more symphony concerts than any other

musician in America this season. He is to play fourteen times with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and will be heard with the symphony organizations in most of the prominent cities. He will be heard in but two recitals in Los Angeles, at Simpson Auditorium, the night of Feb. 7, and the matinee of Feb. 11.

Alessandro Bonci, the celebrated tenor, who is reputed to be the successor of Jean DeReszke, will be heard in concert in Los Angeles the evening

of Feb. 28. Bonci recently cabled his acceptance of the invitation tendered him by the Italian government to sing the tenor roles in the great revival of classic Italian opera to be held in the Theatre Costanzi, in connection with the international exposition to be held in Rome this coming May.

Penelope Duncan and Raymond Duncan, exponents of Hellenic art, literature and music, will be heard in folk songs at The Auditorium Thursday evening, Feb. 14. The program will include songs of England, Ireland, China and Greece, the Hellenic sacred hymns and Chinese dramatic music by Penelope Duncan and a lecture on his discovery of the laws of folk music, and the relation of music to nature, by Raymond Duncan.

Friday night, Feb. 17, at The Auditorium, the second concert of the Orpheus Club will take place. Since the last concert, this capable body of young singers has been strengthened by the addition of twenty excellent voices in both treble and bass. The program has been carefully arranged by Director Dupuy.

Edna Darch, a gifted daughter of Los Angeles, has just returned from Berlin, where for five years she has been a member of the Royal Grand Opera forces of that city and of Vienna. She will be heard in concert at Simpson's Auditorium Thursday evening, Feb. 16.

Lillian Adams, one of the best known local pianists, will give her annual recital at Gamut Club Auditorium, Tuesday evening, Feb. 21. Miss Adams has secured as her vocalist Mary LeGrand Reed, and a charming and artistic evening of music is assured.

Mrs. Florence E. Maybrick, whose tragic history is well known, will lecture in this city under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. Feb. 14, at The Auditorium.

Personal and Social

(Continued From Page Eleven)

on the same steamer as the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, who at present are on a tour around the world.

Complimentary to Mrs. A. D. Kochersperger of New York, who has been a guest this winter of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Allen, Mr. and Mrs. F. Irwin Herron of Orchard avenue entertained Tuesday evening with a dinner party. Violets and pink roses formed a pretty table decoration and guests included, Mrs. Kochersperger, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leeds, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Allen, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., Mr. Volney Howard and Mr. Harry Harkness of Pasadena. Mrs. Kochersperger left yesterday for her eastern home. She was accompanied by Mrs. Allen, who will enjoy a short stay in New York, returning within a month.

Mr. Watts L. Richmond returned to the Virginia from an extended trip east Wednesday. Mr. Harold Richmond, his brother, accompanied him, and expects to visit Honolulu while in the west.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hibbard of Oak Park, Ill., are registered at the Virginia for an indefinite stay. Mr. Hibbard is in the steel business in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Queal of Minneapolis have returned to the Hotel Virginia for an indefinite stay, after an extended trip through Southern California. They are accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Foote, their two small children and nurse.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Barclay Brown of Berkeley Square have returned home from a six months' trip through the east and south.

Mrs. Arthur T. Sargeant of San Francisco, who will be remembered here as Miss Elsie Kimball, has returned to Los Angeles for a visit, and will entertain with a bridge party at the Hershey Arms this afternoon for a score of her old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Busch and family of this city sailed from New York, Wednesday, January 25, for a tour of Europe. They plan to be away about eight months.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason of 2813 South Flower street will entertain at the California Club today with an informal luncheon in honor of Mrs. Ma-

son's mother, Mrs. H. W. R. Strong of Whittier, who recently returned from an eastern trip.

H. W. Topping with Mrs. Topping of St. Paul and Mr. Joseph P. Topping of New York, have taken rooms at the Virginia for a long stay. Mr. Topping is a well known steel and iron manufacturer in his home city.

Mr. R. E. Abenheim of London, England, who has extensive interests in Mexico, joined his family and relatives who are passing the winter at the Virginia. Mr. Sidney Abenheim, who recently sustained an injury to his right shoulder, is recovering rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mercer of Chicago, old patrons of Southern California hotels are going to make their home at the Virginia for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth of 1103 Westlake avenue will be hostess at a luncheon Friday afternoon, February 10, the affair being planned in honor of Miss Eveline Downing of Lexington, Kentucky, who is her house guest.

In honor of Miss Gladys Letts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts of Hollywood, whose betrothal to Mr. Harold Janss was announced recently, Miss Pauline Vollmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Vollmer, gave a prettily arranged luncheon at her home on New Hampshire street, Wednesday. Green and pink prevailed in the house decoration and guests numbered twenty-two.

Miss Elizabeth Helm of Ellendale Place was the charming hostess Thursday at a "chocolate" given at high noon at her home, the affair being for members of the younger set and in honor of Miss Evelyn Weir of New York, who is Miss Helm's house guest.

Invitations have been issued by Misses Sue Shank, Gretchen Hensel and Edna Bovard for a large evening party to be given Wednesday, February 8, in honor of Miss Ethel Josephine Hogan, whose engagement to Dr. Joseph P. Copp was announced recently. The affair will be given at the home of Dr. and Mrs. George Finley Bovard, 801 West Thirty-fourth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., of West Adams street, were host and hostess last Saturday evening at a small dinner party. Cut flowers and ferns decorated the table, places being set for eight.

Mrs. Walter Trask of South Figueroa street will entertain with a bridge luncheon Thursday afternoon, February 9.

Gen. and Mrs. Lester S. Wilson and their son, Mr. Fred S. Wilson, of Bozeman, Mont., are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Radford of West Adams street.

In honor of Miss Margaret Beach of New York, Mrs. Adelaide Comstock of West Twenty-eighth street will entertain next Tuesday afternoon, February 7, with a tea.

Miss Marian Ross of Hotel Pepper will be hostess at a luncheon Tuesday, February 7, the affair being in compliment to Miss Harriette Tate of Honolulu, who will be married in the near future.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. J. J. Jenkins of 2737 West Eighth street for a theater party to be given at the Majestic Wednesday afternoon, February 15, in honor of Mrs. E. H. Myers and Miss Emma Myers of Pittsburg, Pa., and Mrs. Samuel Denholm of Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Hampton of 2515 Wilshire boulevard have gone to San Francisco and Portland for a stay of two or three months.

Mrs. Charles H. Fayram of 837 Catalina street is entertaining as house guests, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reeder of Iowa, who are in Southern California for the winter.

Mrs. E. A. Barr and her daughters, Misses Alice and Pauline Barr, have returned from an extended trip abroad and are at home at the Hotel Hayward.

Mrs. P. G. Hubert of Hobart boulevard presided Tuesday at a prettily appointed luncheon given for about a dozen of her friends. This is one of a series of similar affairs which Mrs. Hubert is giving.

Los Angeles has been largely represented this week at the popular Arrowhead Hotel. Among the local folk registering there were Mrs. Charles Freeman and child, Mr. John F. Coyne,

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Mt. Washington

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Rates reasonable. Take yellow Garvanza car to Ave. 43. foot of incline railway.

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At Mt. Washington

Late arrivals at Hotel Mt. Washington are Mrs. W. P. Mills and Mr. Joseph Simmons of Sitka, Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Mercereau entertained a party of New York friends at luncheon Sunday.

Mrs. J. E. Jarratt of San Antonio, Texas, is a guest at the Mt. Washington Hotel.

Dr. P. Priestly Osburn has been a guest of friends at Mt. Washington this week.

Mrs. L. S. Wallace was hostess at a luncheon for twenty ladies, followed by cards, at the Hotel Mt. Washington Saturday.

Mrs. A. J. McEwen of Columbus, Ohio, is a recent guest at Hotel Mt. Washington.

Miss Louise Brown of Pasadena was a guest of Mrs. Porter, this week at the Mt. Washington Hotel.

Miss Hannah Bell Johnston and Miss McGrath have returned to Hotel Mt.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL OF PRINCIPAL PLACE OF BUSINESS OF CORPORATION

Pursuant to the written consent of the holders of more than two-thirds of the issued Capital Stock of the Anti-Teredo Paint Company (a Corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of California), which consent has been duly filed in the office of said Corporation in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, on the 25th day of January, A.D. 1911, and pursuant to a resolution of the Board of Directors of said Corporation, which resolution was duly passed at a regular meeting of said Board of Directors duly called and held at said office of said Corporation on the 13th day of December, A.D. 1910, at which meeting more than a quorum of the Directors of said Corporation was present;

Notice is hereby given that the principal place of business of said Corporation will on February 18th, 1911, be changed and removed from the County of Los Angeles, State of California, to the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, at No. 159 South Park therein, after which date the principal place of business of said Corporation will be the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at 159 South Park therein.

This Notice is published by order of the Board of Directors of said Anti-Teredo Paint Company.

DATED: January 25th, A. D. 1911.

(Corporate Seal.) JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE, Secretary of said Anti-Teredo Paint Company. Date of first publication January 28, 1911.

Washington, after an absence of two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marsh entertained at a dinner at Hotel Mt. Washington this week.

Mrs. William D. Smith and Mrs. R. B. Milton of South Bend, Indiana, are at Hotel Mt. Washington for the season.



Dining Car Service OF THE Los Angeles Limited

is of the best quality and is praised by patrons of that palatial train, which runs daily between Los Angeles and Chicago via Salt Lake Route, Union Pacific and Chicago & Northwestern. Only three days enroute. Tickets and information at 601 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, and other Salt Lake Route offices.

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Cars also reach all cemeteries in city. Rates on funeral car Paraiso, specially fitted for this purpose, to any cemetery in the city (round trip), with or without casket, \$15.00.

Special cars for outings, day and evening parties, etc., \$5.00 for first hour and \$3.00 for each additional hour.

Telephone E. L. Lewis, Main 4187, or call at Room 703, Pacific Electric Building, Sixth and Main Streets.



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New passenger trains between Los Angeles and San Diego in just 3 1-2 hours.

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Leaves Los Angeles 3:00 p. m.
Arrives San Diego 6:30 p. m.

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Three other daily passenger trains

Lv. Los Angeles 8:55 a.m., 1:15 p.m., 11:59 p.m.
Ar. San Diego. 12:55 p.m., 5:20 p.m., 4:40 a.m.
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Ar. Los Angeles 7:15 a.m., 12:50 p.m., 5:20 p.m.

\$5 round trip

Attend the great Land, Electrical, Automobile and Industrial Exhibition, San Diego, Feb. 6 to 11, 1911.

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THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and the Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

Stocks & Bonds

Intrinsic values have not been paramount factors on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange this week, but rather the market with a bear faction in control. San Francisco is to have the Panama exposition, the Southern Pacific is to expend a little matter of \$300,000,000 in the next five years, double tracking its line from Omaha through to San Francisco and Los Angeles, and there are other things on the tapis that should make for great activity in this region. Yet, in spite of rosy expectations and the remarkable Union earnings in 1911, the future indicates anything but satisfactory symptoms, so far as securities in this market are concerned. For once, Wall street, which is on a boom, does not show any reflections out this way.

From the stories in circulation, it appears as if the market is being manipulated downward, due to the fact that a clique of margin plungers, who made a large rake-off in several oil flotations last year, have been expecting a repetition of the same easy pickings at this time. Members of this pool have been borrowing right and left, with shares of one of the popular lesser traders listed on the stock exchange as their security. This stock, instead of going up, has been forced steadily down, until it shows a loss of more than 50 per cent in market value in the last eight months. The pool has been called upon for margins as fast as its holdings of hundreds of thousands of shares have been depleted in value and at this writing further losses seem likely.

Union, alone of the reliable oils, has more than held its own this week, with Associated a pretty close second. Palmer Oil, a well-known manipulated issue, and more popular in San Francisco than here, has been a ripper victim to the extent of twenty points since the last report. The stock was hoisted from 160, to less than 130 a week ago today in a few minutes, and two days after it had recovered about 40 per cent of its loss, while Olinda, generally a sleeper here, became tangled up in almost a similar fashion three days later. In both instances it appears that a contest for control among insiders was responsible for the market pyrotechnics.

Central received almost the same sort of drubbing Wednesday, when the stock went below 180, a loss of about six points since the recent high level.

Doheny Mexicans, although steady, show soft spots, with inside support necessary to keep these stocks at present prices. This in the face of a bond issue for \$2,000,000, that is aimed to make Mexican Common attractive. In the lesser oils, Consolidated Midway this week has been hitting the low-water mark in its career by leaps and bounds, while California Midway is not in much more satisfactory condition. Oleum maintains its recent early purchase gains, with much better things predicted for the stock. Jade and United Oil are fairly steady. Conditions continue dormant in the mining list.

In the bond list, as well as in the industrials, conditions are not encouraging, while the bank stocks are in demand. Citizens National and Broadway Bank and Trust are wanted, due to their amalgamation on a basis equally favorable to both.

Money is easier even than had been predicted, with cheap loans in demand, and with longer time funds slightly harder.

Banks and Banking

In the purchase by the stockholders of the Citizens' National Bank of the controlling interest in the Broadway Bank and Trust Company, the former institution becomes a still greater factor in the local world of finance. The Broadway institution which will be operated as a trust company in con-

nection with the Citizens' National, will continue to do business at the same place as at present, 308-10 South Broadway. A meeting of the stockholders and election of officers will be held February 8, when the deal will be ratified. It is understood that the present officials of the institution will remain unchanged as follows: Warren Gillelen, president; George I. Cochran, vice-president; R. W. Kenney, cashier, and J. M. Spaulding, assistant cashier. The capital stock of the Broadway bank is \$250,000, surplus the same, and deposits \$2,200,000. The capital stock of the Citizens' National is \$1,000,000 with deposits of \$7,700,000.

Loans in the New York associated banks expanded more than \$45,000,000 to a total of \$1,299,430,890, up to last Saturday, an aggregate larger than has been reported since October 2, 1909. Notwithstanding a reserve gain of \$12,541,000, therefore, the deposit expansion of \$57,000,000 pulled excess reserve down by almost \$2,000,000 from the week previous. Chicago bank clearings fell off \$6,354,629, to the same date, but the balances increased \$2,544,121 compared with the corresponding week last year.

State clearings as reported by the various clearing house cities for the week ending January 26, with the comparisons for the corresponding week of last year, were as follows: San Francisco, \$40,630,120, decrease 9.6; Los Angeles \$16,272,654, increase 9.8; Oakland \$3,355,850, increase 60.0; Sacramento \$1,275,878, increase 34.2; San Diego \$1,398,172, increase 26.0; Fresno \$670,893, percentage of increase not reported; Stockton \$561,888, increase 28.0; San Jose \$465,470, decrease 20.0, and Pasadena \$858,186, increase 13.8.

Officers and directors who will manage the affairs of the California National Bank at Santa Ana, which will open its doors in its new building February 15, are as follows: John Cubbon, president; A. J. Visel, vice president; William F. Lutz, cashier; E. M. Blake, assistant cashier; J. G. Quick, Dr. Herve, Charles P. Remsburg, G. H. Randall, M. Nisson and Charles Ross, directors.

California Leads in Oil Production

California, Oklahoma and Illinois are now the big oil producers, their percentage of output having increased in ten years from 7 per cent to 73 per cent. In 1909 these three states produced 133,000,000 barrels. It is California's wells that are now making the new record figures, the output in the state having increased from 4,300,000 barrels in 1900 to 54,000,000 in 1909 and to 73,000,000 in 1910. What oil means to California is seen by comparing her \$3,000,000 oil output with her \$20,000,000 gold output, comments the Chicago Post. Cheap oil, like cheap copper, means its wider use. California oil sells around 50c a barrel, or about a cent a gallon. The railroad consumption of fuel oil was 20,000,000 barrels in 1909, on more than 17,000 miles of road. The average engine mileage to a barrel of oil is 3.7 miles.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Despite the fact that the offering by New York city for the \$60,000,000 corporate stock sale was over-subscribed five-fold, the average price realized is fully one-third of 1 per cent below the \$50,000,000 offering of similar securities last March, and it is believed that many of the low bids were made by firms simply as a means of self-advertisement with no intention of securing the bonds. Considerable concern was manifested in the early opening of the bids when it developed that the offering of J. P. Morgan and his associates of 100.89 for "all or none" of the issue stood a favorable chance, for had the syndicate's bid been accepted there would

have resulted an acute corner in the bonds, since Mr. Morgan would have had at his mercy a short interest of fully \$10,000,000 that had accumulated at about 101 1/4 @ 101 1/2. However, an average price of 100.90 was received by the city and the bonds were disposed of at this narrow margin of .01 over Mr. Morgan's bid. The difference in dollars and cents on the entire \$60,000,000 issue did not exceed \$4,500, but it was sufficient to avert the anticipated spectacular manipulation in Wall street this week. It is estimated that nearly \$15,000,000 of these new securities will go to Paris, London and Amsterdam.

Funds for financing the aqueduct for another year of its building are on call, written notice having been served on Mayor Alexander and Capt. C. H. Hance, city treasurer, by A. Robert Elmore, Los Angeles manager for N. W. Halsey & Co., the New York bond syndicate of Kountze Bros. and A. B. Leach & Co., that they will exercise their option on the Owens river bonds February 1. The notice states that in accordance with the terms of contract with the city, the firms will exercise their option on the \$4,896,000 city of Los Angeles 4 1/2 per cent Owens river bonds, and that they will take and purchase the \$816,000 of that amount February 1 at the contract price of par and a half and accrued interest. This means that the syndicate now binds itself to take the full \$4,896,000 between now and January of next year at the rate of \$816,000 every sixty days, which will give \$408,000 for the operation of the aqueduct each month.

City trustees of Newport Beach are purposing to call a special election in the near future to vote bonds for the purchase of a gas and electric light system for Newport. The electric light company places a valuation of \$15,000 on its plant, and the board has decided to issue bonds in the sum of \$55,000 at 5 per cent interest. While this sum may not be needed for the purchase of the plants, it is proposed to issue bonds for that sum and sell them as they are needed.

Ventura supervisors have rescinded the order previously made by which the county bridge bond issue of \$176,000 was sold to N. W. Halsey & Co., of San Francisco, and has accepted instead a flat offer from the same firm of a premium of \$17,768.30 for the entire bond issue of \$225,000, receiving the firm's check for \$29,300 to bind the transaction. The action was taken on account of the original sale possibly being irregular.

Bids will be received up to 2 p.m. February 8 for the purchase of \$80,000 of bonds by Redlands for the acquisition of lands for public parks. The bonds bear 5 per cent per annum and certified check must be 2 per cent of the amount bid.

Directors of the Newbert protection district, Orange county, will receive bids up to 10 a.m. February 6 for the purchase of bonds in the sum of \$89,910 for the construction of reservoirs, ditches and canals in that district.

Santa Ana will hold an election February 14 to vote on the proposition of issuing bonds in the sum of \$20,000 for the construction of a municipal water system for that city. The bonds will bear 4 1/2 per cent per annum.

Anaheim citizens voted favorably on the proposition to issue bonds for the betterment of the sewer system, light plant and water system and the bonds will be offered for sale in the near future.

Redlands citizens voted favorably on the bond issue of \$82,000 to provide funds for the purchase of a five-acre playground park on the north side of the twenty-two-acre park adjoining the University of Redlands campus.

Electors of the Hemet school district will hold an election February 15 to vote bonds in the sum of \$15,000 for school purposes. They will bear 6 per cent interest per annum.

Trustees of the El Centro high school district have decided to call an election for March 11 to vote on the proposition of issuing bonds in the sum of \$75,000 for a new high school building.

Electors of San Juan school district, Santa Ana, will vote today on the issuing of bonds in the sum of \$7,000 for a school building. Bonds will bear 5 per cent interest per annum.

As soon as the cost can be determined, Whittier citizens will be called



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Main 937, Home F8037.
HARNESS AND SADDLERY
SAMUEL C. FOY, 315 North Los Angeles St.
Established 1854. Main 3808.
JEWELRY MANUFACTURERS
CARL ENTENMANN, Jewelry,
217 1/2 S. Spring St. Upstairs.

upon to vote bonds for the rebuilding of the high school which recently was destroyed by fire.

Riverside citizens are circulating a petition for an election to be held for the voting of bonds for the purchase of a domestic water system for that city.

Public sale of the \$107,000 of bonds for the West Basin thirty-foot sidewalk and parapet at Long Beach will be held February 10.

Petitions are being circulated in Ocean Park for the building of a new high school. Bonds will be voted to defray the cost.

Fullerton trustees are considering calling a bond election in the near future to provide funds for school purposes.

San Diego citizens are preparing to issue \$250,000 of the exposition bonds which were voted recently by that city.